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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM HOGARTH,

IN A SERIES OF

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY STEEL ENGRAVINGS

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES;

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

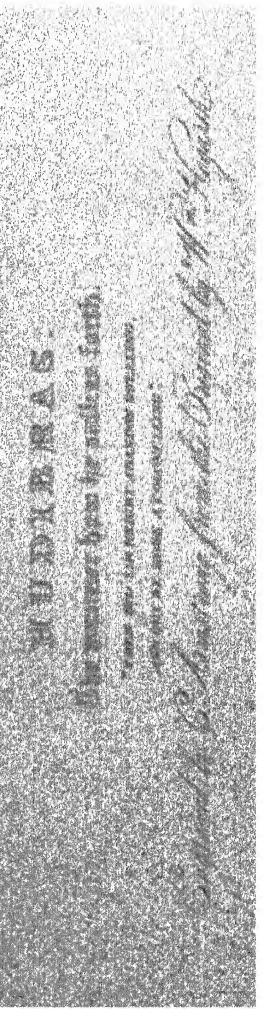
BY JAMES HANNAY,

AND DESCRIPTIVE LETTERPRESS BY REV. J. TRUSLER AND E. F. ROBERTS.

LONDON:

WILLIAM MACKENZIE, 69 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.;

EDINBURGH AND DUBLIN.



HUDIBRAS.

PLATE II.—THE MANNER HOW HE SALLIES FORTH.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry,
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Knight worshipful on shoulder blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of war, as well as peace;
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water;)
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But, howsoe'er they make a pothor,

The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.

A squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half;
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't:
Some call it gifts, and some new light;
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
He could deep mysteries unriddle
As easily as thread a needle.

Thus was th' accomplish'd squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit;
Their valours, too, were of a rate,
And out they sally'd at the gate.

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE III.—HUDIBRAS'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

MEANWHILE he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed;
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward;
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse.
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle;
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free 's sword from retentive scabbard;
And, after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck,
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.

I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
A squeaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, on north-east side.
His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stick;
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
He bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his leg, then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak.

Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war;

A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion bear.

The gallant Bruin marched next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Sarcen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin.

Talgol was of courage stout,
And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought;
Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,
And, like a champion, shone with oil.

Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame.

He Trulla loved—Trulla, more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout and tall
As Joan of France, or English Mall:
Through perils both of wind and limb,
Through thick and thin she follow'd him.

The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
Of all his race the valiant'st.

Last Colon came, bold man of war,
Destin'd to blows by fatal star;
These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With squire and weapons to attack 'em,
But first from his horse bespake 'em.



H V D I I B R A S

Fr. J. B. M. J.

The author's 12th volume
of "Illustrations of Nature."

See *Monographie de la faune de l'Amérique du Sud*



HUDIBRAS.

PLATE IV.—THE MASQUERADE ADVENTURE.

SOON as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They stoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid ;
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows ;
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:

“ Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who, for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The Brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched carcase sent,
For just revenge and punishment,
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open, free confession ;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.”

The queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea and half the land,

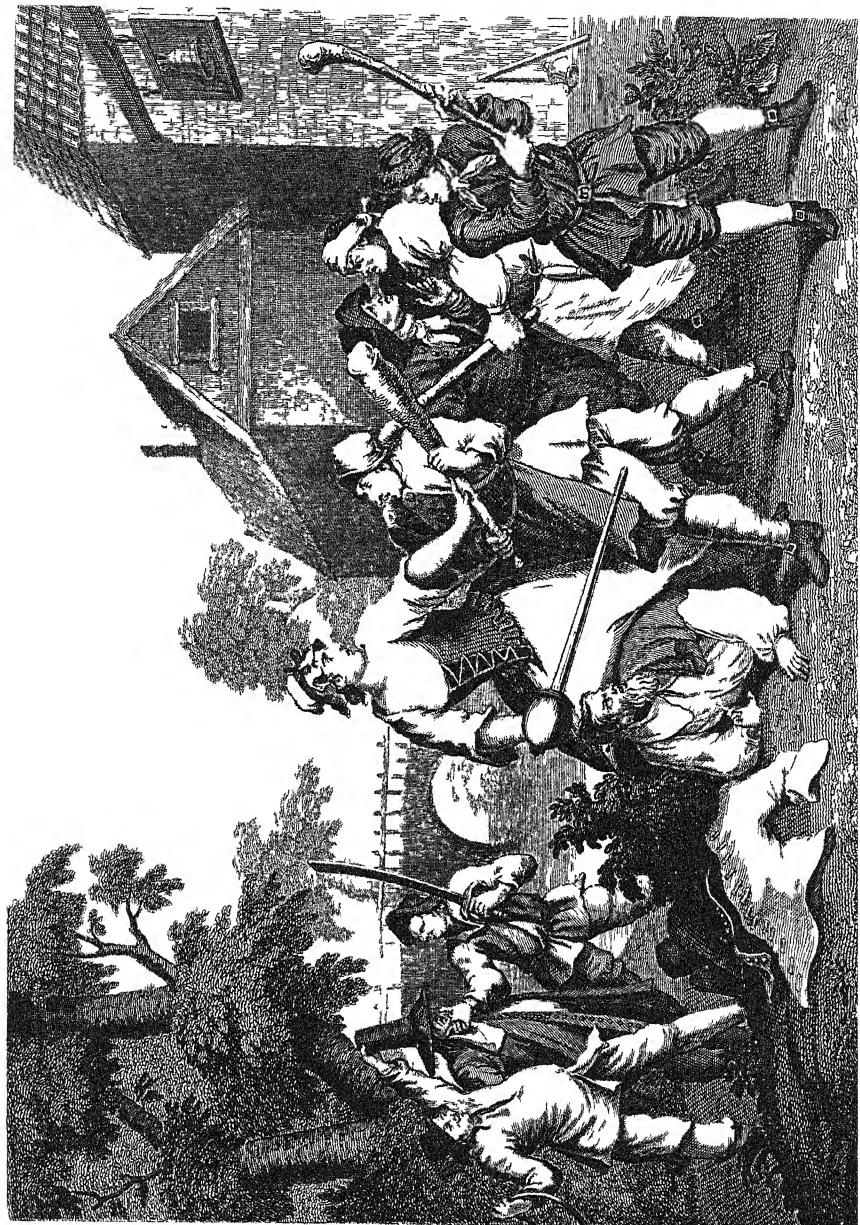
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest ;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor,
And though he shut his eyes as fast
As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
To make the devil wear for vizards.
And pricking up his ears, to hark
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These trembling words : “ Unhappy wretch,
What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
Or thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade ;
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a centaur ?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?
For still thou 'ast had the worst on't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.”

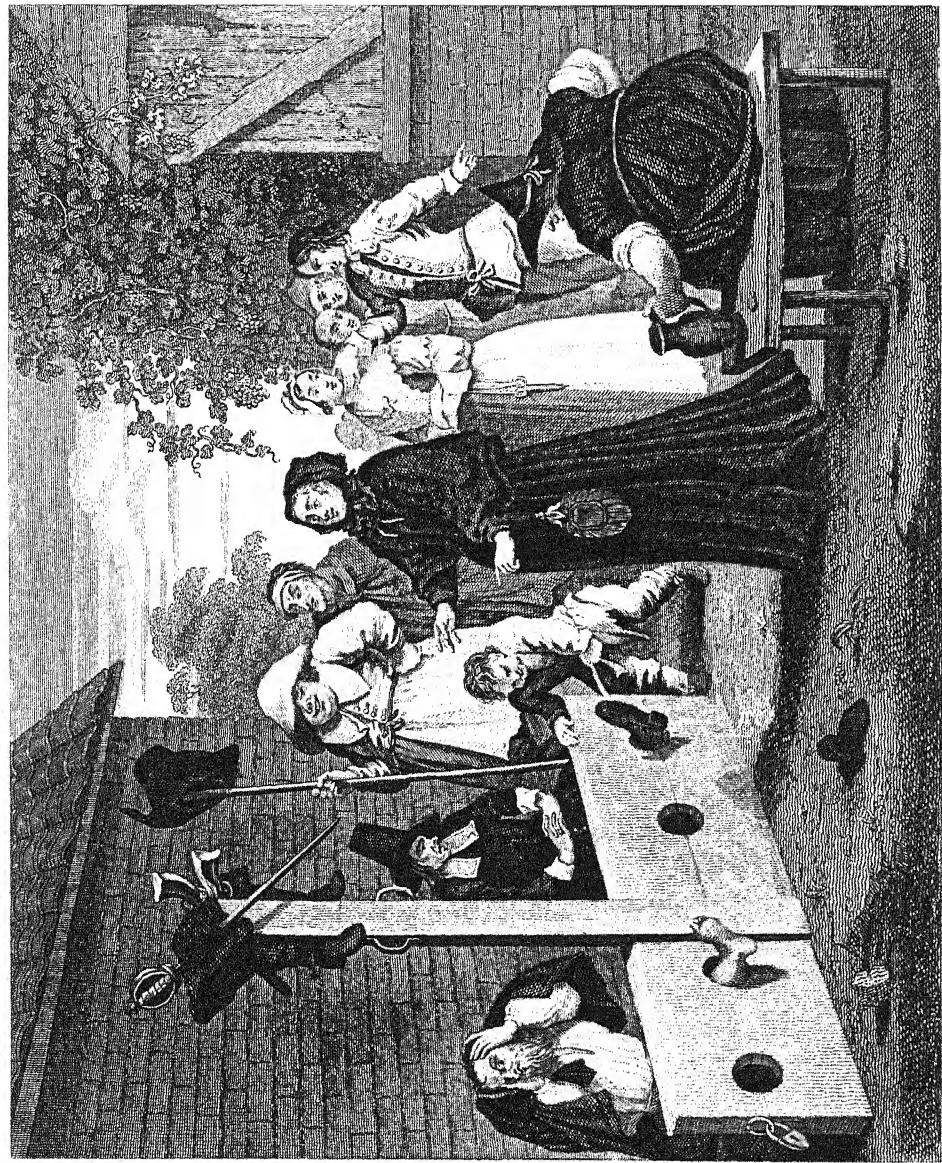
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE V.—THE KNIGHT SUBMITS TO TRULLA.

THIS said, the knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet.
Next he disrob'd his gabardine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
"Take that, and wear it for my sake;"
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;
Just so the proud insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
In hurry of the fight dispers'd,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
To share i' the honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide,
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden shower,
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back agen,

She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
And vow'd they should not break her word;
She 'ad given him quarter, and her blood
Or theirs should make that quarter good:
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep, Crowdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
Thus stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting.
They thought it was but just and right
That what she had achiev'd in fight
She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be don
So well as this she pitch'd upon.
For who a better could imagine?
This, therefore, they resolv'd t' engage in.





THE
LITTLE
FIRE
MAN

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VI.—SIR HUDIBRAS AND RALPHO IN THE STOCKS.

THIS tattling gossip knew too well
What mischief Hudibras befel,
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all, to the unkind widow's ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals, with stately pomp,
March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distress'd knight;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks;
And by exchange, parole, or ransom
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting damsel to attend her;
All which appearing, on she went

To find the knight, in limbo pent:
And 'twas not long before she found
Him and his stout squire in the pound,
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together:
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jole,
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such place;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
And wink, and goggle, like an owl;
He felt his brains begin to swim.
When the dame accosted him.

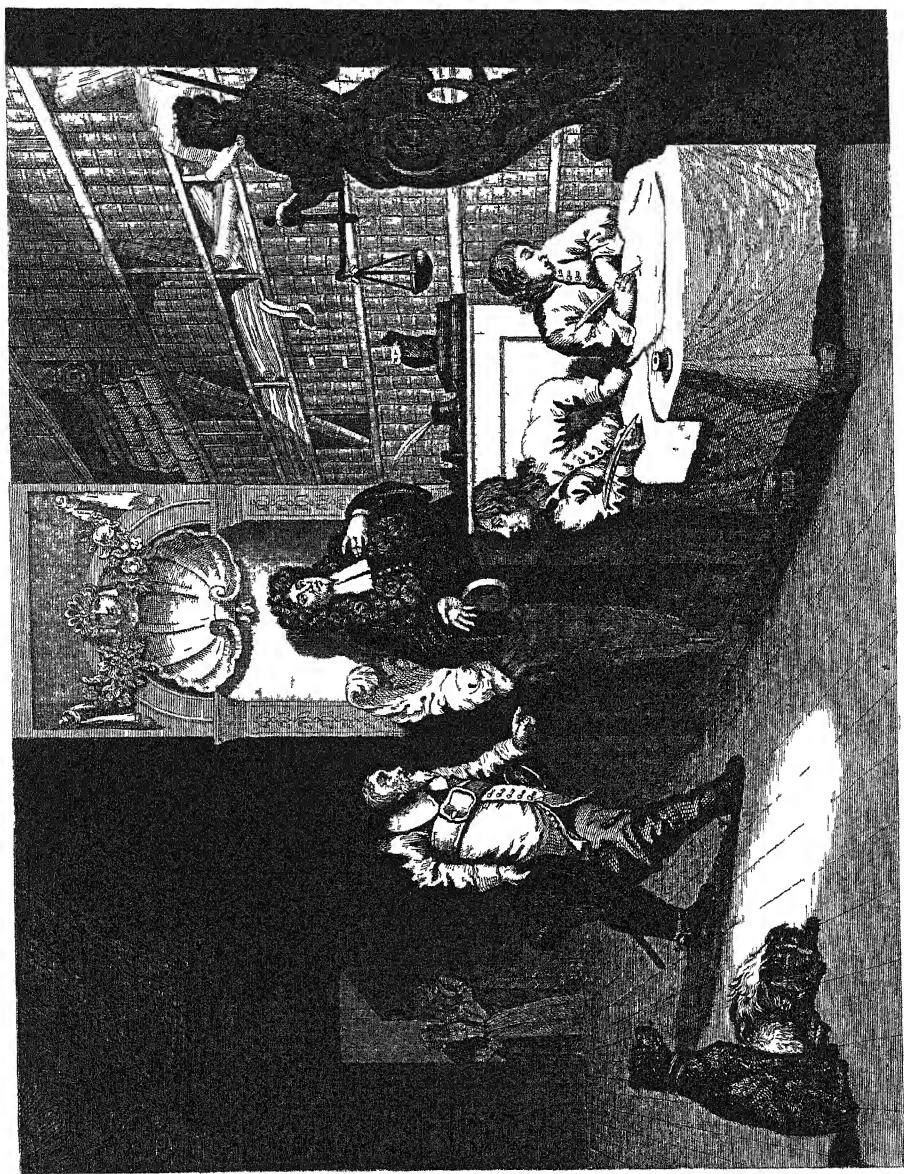
HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VII.—HUDIBRAS AND THE LAWYER.

To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs,
And found him, mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for show :
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay ;
To whom the knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case ;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd ;
And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, "There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgell'd."—"Very well."
"And now he brags to 've beaten me."
"Better, and better still," quoth he ;
"And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me :"—"Best of all."
"Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him."—"Well done, in troth."
"When he 's confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again ;"—"Marry, hang
him."
"Now, whether I should beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me ?"—"I understand."
"Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods ?"—"Ah, whoreson !"
"Or, if 'tis better to indict,
And bring him to his trial ?"—"Right."
"Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him ?"—"True."

"Or, whether he that is defendant,
In this case, has the better end on 't ;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse the action ?"—"Better still."
"Then there 's a lady too ;"—"Ay, marry."
"That 's easily prov'd accessory.
A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word ;
And has abett'd all ;"—"Good Lord !"
"Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell,
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life ."—"Make that appear."
"Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body ;"—"Good agen."
"And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me and my horse,
And stole my saddle ;"—"Worse and worse."
"And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage."
"Sir," quoth the lawyer, "not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim :
For if they've us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy ;
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say or you'll believe ;
I would so trounce her and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse ;
For matrimony and hanging here
Both go by destiny so clear."





HUDIBRAS.

PLATE VIII.—HUDIBRAS BEATS SIDROPHEL, AND HIS MAN WHACHUM.

QUOTH he, "This scheme of th' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met,
At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and side well,
And, though you overcame the bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair ;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop doodle

Quoth Hudibras, "I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave ;
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you."

"Not true!" quoth he, "howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear ;
Whachum shall justify it t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place ;
He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art ;
He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chous'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead,
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' house."

Quoth Hudibras, "I do believe
That argument's demonstrative ;

Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
A constable to seize the wretches,
For though they're both false knaves and cheats,
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits ;
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They're guilty, by their own confessions,
Of felony ; and at the Sessions,
Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion ;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof."

Quoth Sidrophel, "I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out ;
Nor have I hazarded my art
And neck so long on the State's part,
To be exposed, i' the end, to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer."

"Huffer!" quoth Hudibras ; "this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that wold,
Ralpho, make haste and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister,
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away"

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE IX--THE COMMITTEE.

THE quacks of government (who sate
At th' unregarded helm of state,
And understood this wild confusion
Of fatal madness and delusion,
Must, sooner than a prodigy,
Portend destruction to be nigh)
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw
And save their windpipes from the law;
For one renounter at the bar
Was worse than all they 'ad 'scap'd in war
And therefore met in consultation
To cant and quack upon the nation
Not for the sickly patient's sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the purses of their fees,
More wise than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain.
'Mong these there was a politician
With more heads than a beast in vision,

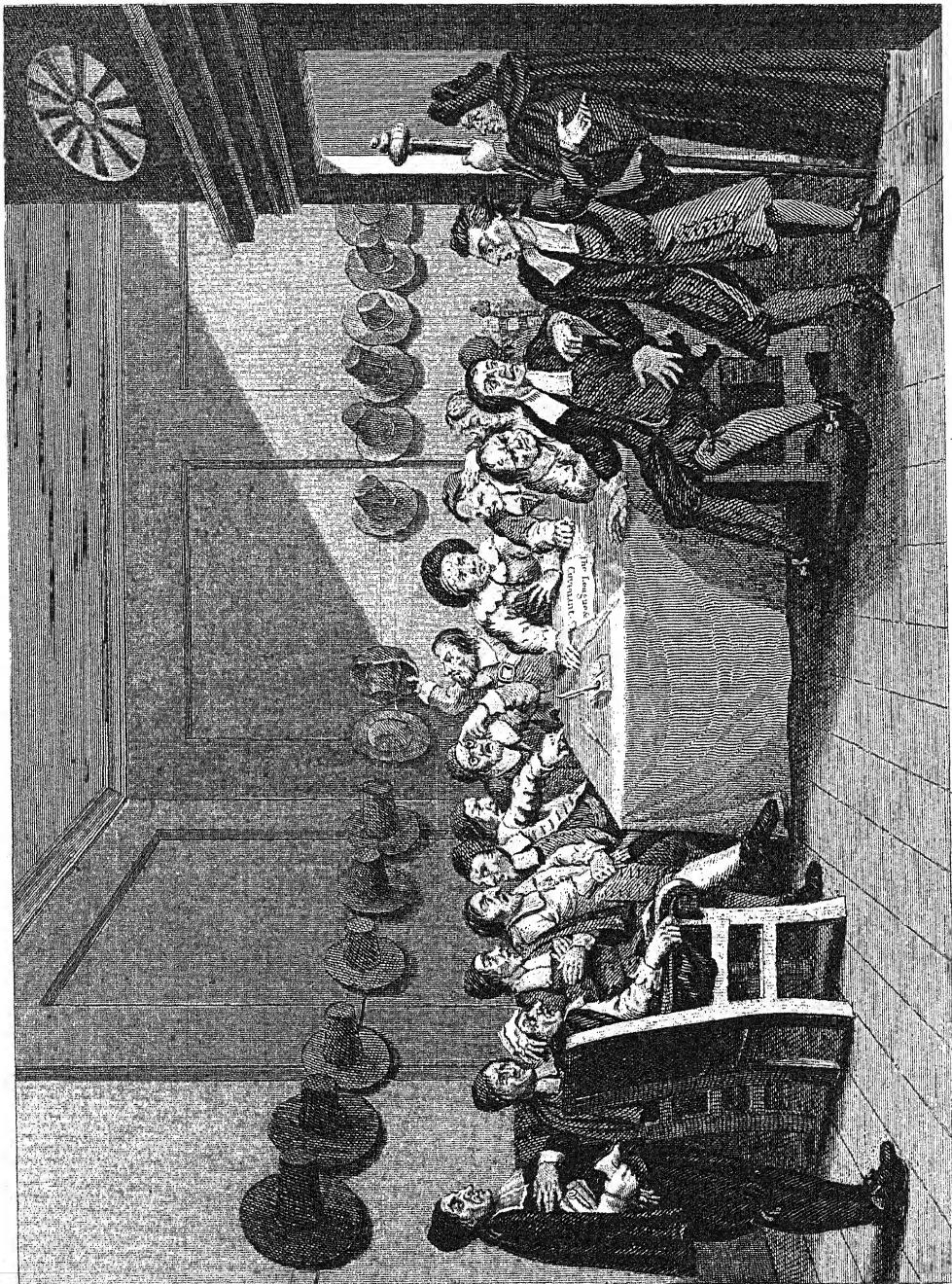
And more intrigues in evry one
Than all the whores of Babylon.
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were c' py,
That, to trepan the one to blind,
The other blind, both trove to bl...
And, in hi, dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play
To match this sain there wa' another
As busy and perver as brother
An haberdasher of small ware
In polities and state affairs.
Thus far the statesman -when a bout
Heard at a distance, put him out,
And straight another, all agha t,
Rush'd in with equal fear and heste,
Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits.

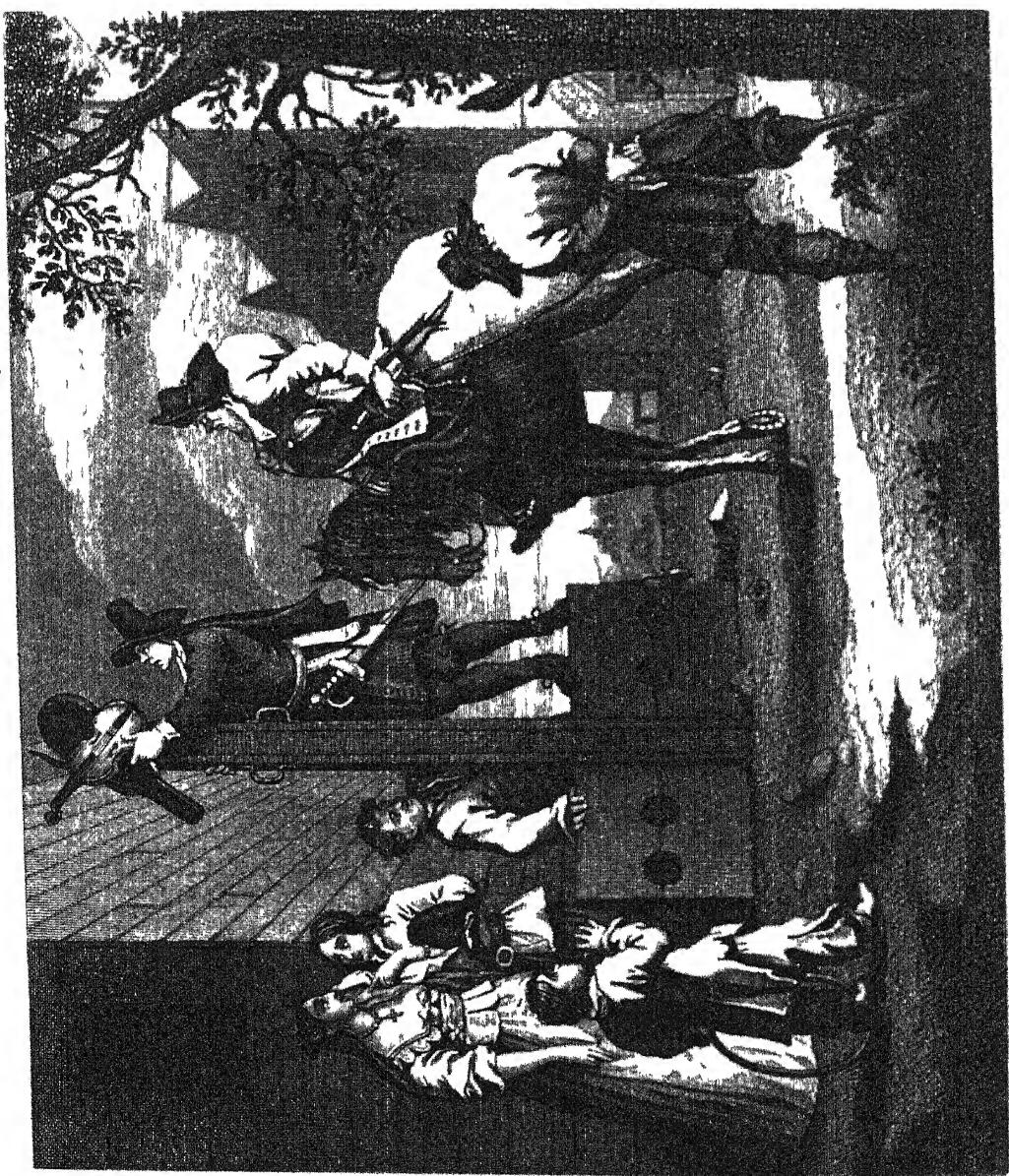
H U B B R A S .

The Patriarch.

"THE WORKS OF CONFIRMATION WHOSE
AT THE END HELD OF STEEL."

Original by G. Willmott, from the original of G. G. L.





HUDIBRAS.

PLATE X—HUDIBRAS LEADING CROWDERO IN TRIUMPH.

THIS said, the high outrageous mettle
Of knight began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the squire's advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done;
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands, on rump behind,
And to its former place and use
The wooden member to reduce,
But force it take an oath before,
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralph dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught
And them to further service brought.
The squire in like rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whin-yard bore
The trophy fiddle and the case
Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
The knight himself did after ride,
Leading Crowdero by his side,
And tow'd him, if he lag'd behind,
Like boat, a' rust the tub and wind
Thus, grave and solemn, they march'd on
Until quite through the town they'd come
At furthest end of which there stands
An ancient castle that commands
The upper parts, in all the faire
You'll not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow'ful spell
Of magic made impenetrable.

There's neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate;
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confin'd,
With wall of subtile air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous knight
And bold squire from their steeds alight
At th' outward wall, near which there stands
A bastile, built t' imprison hands:
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater:
For though the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough:
And when a circle 'bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch
As if 'twere ridden post by witch,
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er strays out of the place.
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the squire
The fiddle and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy, place.
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.





THE SINKING OF THE
S.S. 'LUSITANIA'

1915

HUDIBRAS.

PLATE XII.—HUDIBRAS ENCOUNTERS THE SKIMMINGTON.

THIS said, they both advanc'd and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,
T' attack the leader, and still prest,
Till they approach'd him breast to breast:
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence; which obtained,
What means (quoth he) this devils' procession,
With men of Orthodox profession?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine?
It is an Antichristian Opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of popery:
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholden.
Women, that left no stone unturn'd,
In which the cause might be concern'd,

Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;
Drew sev'ral gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
Rubb'd down the teachers tir'd and spent,
With holding forth for Parl'ament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings, many a meal;
And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ache,
With caudle, custard, and plumcake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the cause at London?
Hay they?—At that an egg let fly—
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd
With orange-tawny slime his beard;
And straight another with his flambeau
Gave Ralph o'er the eyes .. d——d blow.

GENRE AND CONVERSATION PICTURES.

THE DISTRESSED POET.

THIS Plate describes, in the strongest colours, the distress of an author without friends to patronise him. Seated upon the side of his bed, without a shirt, but wrapped in an old night-gown, he is now spinning a poem upon "Riches" of their *use* he probably knoweth little; and of their *abuse* - if judgment can be formed from externals - *certes*, he knoweth less. Enchanted, impressed, inspired with his subject, he is disturbed by a nymph of the *hactarium*. Her shrill sounding voice awakes one of the *little loves*, whose *chorus* disturbs his meditations. A link of the golden chain is broken! a thought is lost! - to recover it, his hand becomes a substitute for the barber's comb: - enraged at the noise, he tortures his head for the fleeting idea; but, ah! no thought is there!

Proudly conscious that the lines already written are sterling, he possesses by anticipation the mines of Peru, a view of which hangs over his head. Upon the table we see Byshe's *Art of Poetry*; for, like the pack-horse, who cannot travel without his *bells*, he cannot climb the hill of Parnassus without his *jingling-book*. On the floor lies the *Grub Street Journal*, to which valuable repository of genius and taste he is probably a contributor. To show that he is master of the *PROFOUND*, and will envelop the subject in a cloud, his pipe and tobacco-box, those friends to cogitation deep, are close to him.

His wife, mending that part of his dress in the pockets of which the affluent keep their gold, is worthy of a better fate. Her figure is peculiarly interesting. Her face, softened by adversity, and marked with domestic care, is at this moment agitated by the appearance of a boisterous woman, insolently demanding payment of the milk tally. In the excuse she returns, there is a mixture of concern, complacency, and mortification. As an addition to the distresses of this poor family, a dog is stealing the remnant of mutton incautiously left upon a chair. The sloping roof and projecting chimney prove the throne of this inspired bard to be high above the crowd; - it is a garret. The chimney is ornamented with a *dare for larks*, and a book; a loaf, the tea-equipage, and a saucepan decorate the shelf. Before the fire hangs half a shirt, and a pair of ruffled sleeves. His sword lies on the floor; for though our professor of poetry waged no war, except with words, a sword was, in the year 1740, a necessary appendage to everything which called it elf "gentleman." At the feet of his domestic seamstress, the full-dress coat has become the resting-place of a cat and two kittens: in the same situation is one stocking; the other is half immersed in the washing-pan. The broom, bellows, and mop are scattered round the room. The open door shows us that their cupboard is unfurnished, and tenanted by a hungry and solitary mouse. In the corner hangs a long cloak, well calculated to conceal the threadbare wardrobe of its fair owner.

Mr. Hogarth's strict attention to propriety of scenery is evinced by the cracked plastering of the walls, broken windows, and uneven floor, in the miserable habitation of this poor weaver of madrigals. When this was first published, the following quotation from Pope's *Dunciad* was inscribed under the print: -

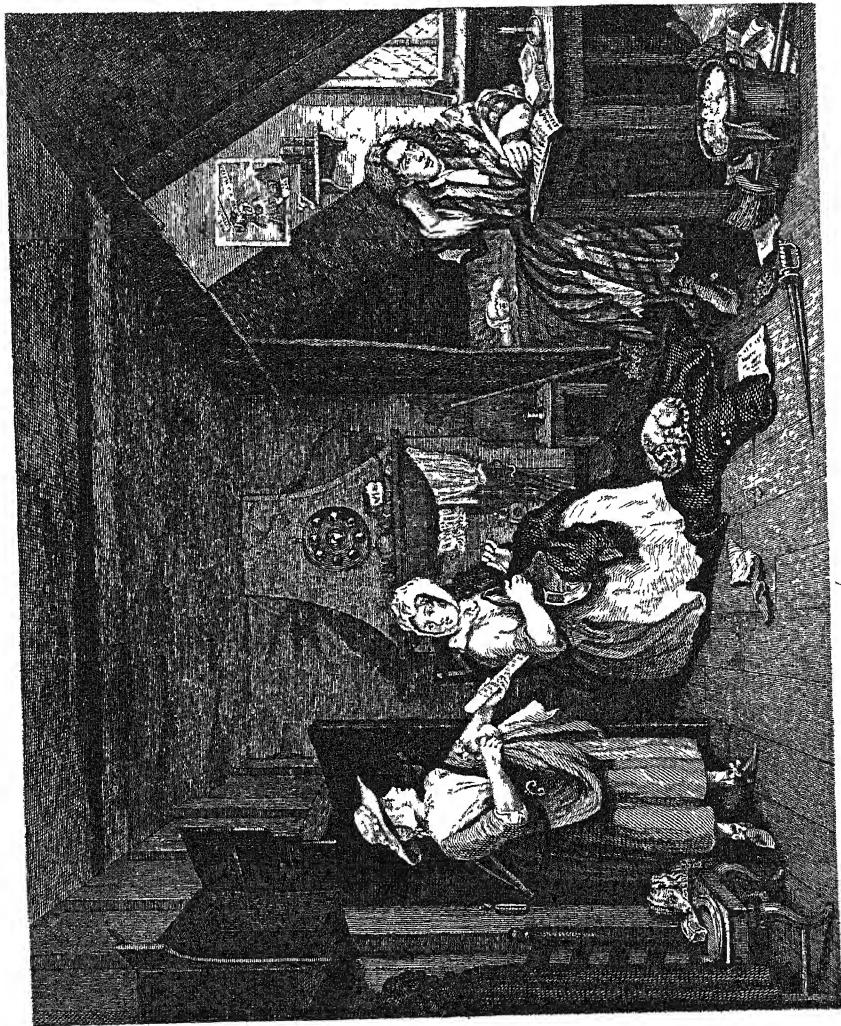
"Studious he sate, *with all his books* around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound:
I lunged for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then wrote and floundered on, in mere despair."

All his books, amounting to *only four*, was, I suppose, the artist's reason for erasing the lines.

This picture is eminently touching, and quite surcharged with pathos. The tender timidity of the poor little wife, brow-beaten by her insolent creditor - the evident desire she has to compromise for her husband's dignity, against the inexorable standard which every tradesman sets up, amounting to this - "If you are 'respectable,' *pay*; if you can't pay - why, then -" and really one feels inclined to visit the poor garret incontinently, and clear off the detestable score for the pretty, timid, shrinking little woman.

THE COCKPIT.

THE scene is probably laid at Newmarket; and in this motley group of peers, pickpockets, butchers, jockeys, ratcatchers, gentlemen, gamblers of every denomination - Lord Albemarle Bertie, being the principal figure, is entitled to precedence. In the "March to Finchley," he is represented as an attendant at a boxing-match; and here he is president of a most respectable



100. DINGE DER KUNST 1017
Zum Gebrauch und zur Dekoration



society assembled at a cockpit. What rendered his lordship's passion for amusements of this nature very singular, was his being totally blind. In this place he is beset by seven steady friends, five of whom, at the same instant, offer to bet with him on the event of the battle. One of them, a lineal descendant of Filch, taking advantage of his blindness and negligence, endeavours to convey a bank-note, deposited in our dignified gambler's hat, to his own pocket. Of this ungentlemanlike attempt his lordship is apprised by a ragged post-boy and an honest butcher; but he is so much engaged in the pronunciation of those important words, Done! Done! Done! Done! and the arrangement of his bets, that he cannot attend to their hints; and it seems more than probable that the stock will be transferred, and the note negotiated in a few seconds.

A very curious group surround the old nobleman, who is adorned with a ribbon, a star, and a pair of spectacles. The whole weight of an overgrown carpenter being laid upon his shoulder, forces our illustrious personage upon a man beneath; who being thus driven downward, falls upon a fourth, and the fourth, by the accumulated pressure of this ponderous trio, composed of the upper and lower house, loses his balance, and tumbling against the edge of the partition, his head is broke, and his wig, shook from the seat of reason, falls into the cockpit.

A man adjoining enters into the spirit of the battle—his whole soul is engaged. From his distorted countenance and clasped hands, we see that he feels every stroke given to his favourite bird in his heart's core—ay, in his heart of hearts! A person at the old peer's left hand is likely to be a loser. Ill-humour, vexation, and disappointment are painted in his countenance. The chimney-sweeper above is the very quintessence of affectation. He has all the airs and graces of a boarding-school miss. The sanctified Quaker adjoining, and the fellow bencath, who, by the way, is a very similar figure to Captain Stab in the "Rake's Progress," are finely contrasted.

A French marquis on the other side, astonished at this being called amusement, is exclaiming "Sauvages!" "Sauvages!" "Sauvages!" Engrossed by the scene, and opening his snuff-box rather carelessly, its contents fall into the eyes of a man below, who, sneezing and swearing alternately, imprecates bitter curses on this devil's dust, that extorts from his inflamed eyes "a sea of melting pearls, which some call tears."

Adjoining is an old cripple, with a trumpet at his ears, and in this trumpet a person in a bag-wig roars in a manner that cannot much gratify the auricular nerves of his companions; but as for the object to whom the voice is directed, he seems totally insensible to sounds, and, if judgment can be formed from appearances, might very composedly stand close to the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral when it is striking twelve.

The figure with a cock peeping out of a bag, is said to be intended for Jackson, a jockey; the gravity of this experienced veteran, and the cool sedateness of a man registering the wagers, are well opposed by the grinning woman behind, and the heated impetuosity of a fellow, stripped to his shirt, throwing his coin upon the cockpit, and offering to back Ginger against Pye for a guinea.

On the lower side, where there is only one tier of figures, a sort of an apothecary and a jockey are stretching out their arms, and striking together the handles of their whips, in token of a bet. A hiccuping votary of Bacchus, displaying a half-emptied purse, is not likely to possess it long, for an adroit professor of legerdemain has taken aim with a hooked stick, and by one slight jerk will convey it to his own pocket. The profession of a gentleman in a round wig is determined by a gibbet chalked upon his coat. An enraged barber, who lifts up his stick in the corner, has probably been refused payment of a wager by the man at whom he is striking.

A cloud-capt philosopher at the top of the print, coolly smoking his pipe, unmoved by this crash of matter and wreck of property, must not be overlooked: neither should his dog be neglected; for the dog, gravely resting his fore-paws upon the partition and contemplating the company, seems more interested in the event of the battle than his master.

Like the tremendous Gog and terrific Magog of Guildhall, stand the two cock-feeders; a foot of each of these consequential purveyors is seen at the two extremities of the pit.

As to the birds, whose attractive powers have drawn this admiring throng together, they deserved earlier notice:

"Each hero burns to conquer or to die;
What mighty hearts in little bosoms lie!"

Having disposed of the substances, let us now attend to the shadow on the cockpit; and this, it seems, is the reflection of a man drawn up to the ceiling in a basket, and there suspended as a punishment for having betted more money than he can pay. Though suspended, he is not reclaimed; though exposed, not abashed; for in this degrading situation he offers to stake his watch against money, in another wager on his favourite champion.

The decorations of this curious theatre are, a portrait of Nan Rawlins and the King's arms. In the margin at the bottom of the print is an oval with a fighting-cock, inscribed "ROYAL SPORT."

Of the characteristic distinctions in this heterogeneous assembly, it is not easy to speak with sufficient praise. The chimney-sweeper's absurd affectation sets the similar airs of the Frenchman in a most ridiculous point of view. The old fellow with a trumpet at his ear has a degree of deafness that I never before saw delineated; he might have lived in the

same apartment with Xantippe, or slept comfortably in Alexander the copper-smith's first floor. As to the nobleman in the centre—in the language of the turf, he is a mere pigeon ; and the peer, with a star and garter—in the language of Cambridge, we must class as—a mere quiz. The man sneezing, you absolutely hear ; and the fellow stealing a bank-note has all the outward and visible marks of a perfect and accomplished pickpocket ; Mercury himself could not do that business in a more masterly style.

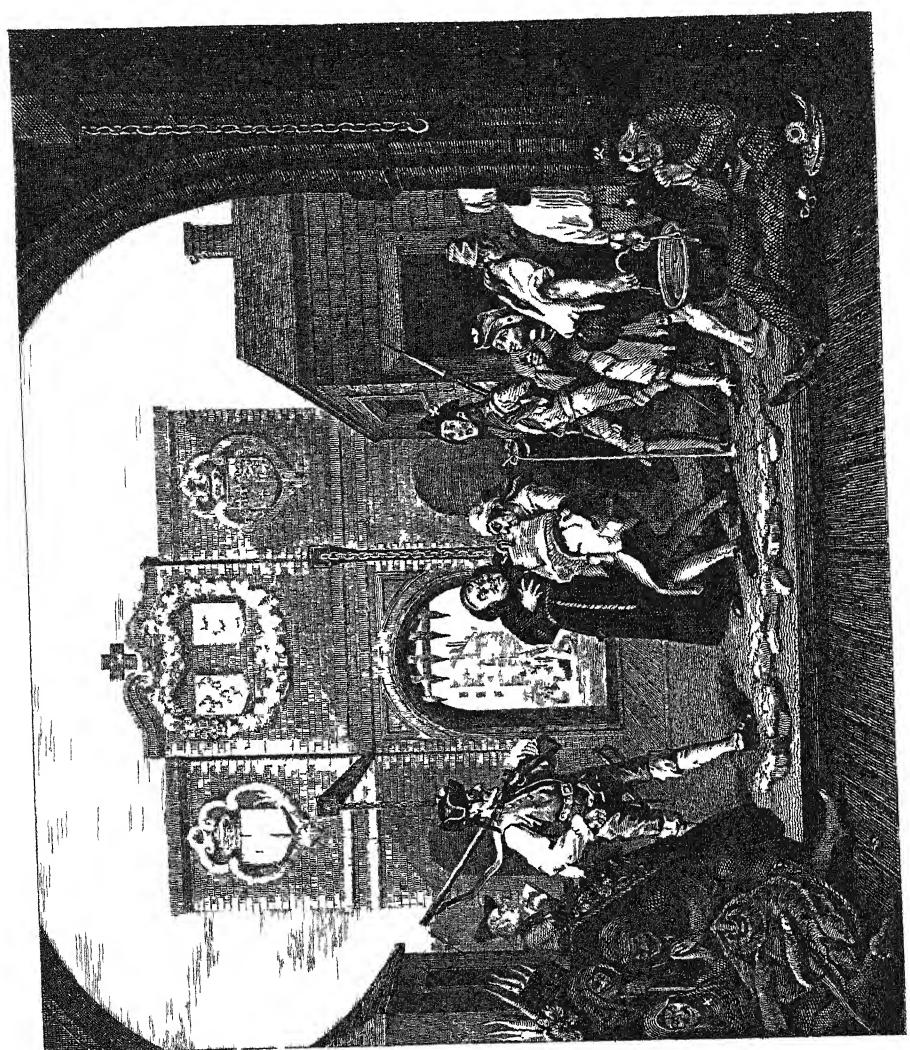
Tyers tells us that "Pope, while living with his father at Chiswick, before he went to Binfield, took great delight in cock-fighting," and laid out all his schoolboy money (and little perhaps it was) in buying fighting-cocks. Lord Orrery observes, "If we may judge of Mr. Pope from his works, his chief aim was to be esteemed a man of virtue." When actions can be clearly ascertained, it is not necessary to seek the mind's construction in the writings ; and we must regret being compelled to believe that some of Mr. Pope's actions, at the same time that they prove him to be querulous and petulant, lead us to suspect that he was also envious, malignant, and cruel. How far this will tend to confirm the assertion, that when a boy he was an amateur of this royal sport, "I do," says Mr. Ireland, "not pretend to decide ; but were a child, in whom I had any interest, cursed with such a propensity, my first object would be to correct it ; if that were impracticable, and he retained a fondness for the cockpit, and the still more detestable amusement of Shrove Tuesday, I should hardly dare to flatter myself that he could become a merciful man. The subject has carried me further than I intended : I will, however, take the freedom of proposing one query to the consideration of the clergy :—Might it not have a tendency to check that barbarous spirit—which has more frequently its source in an early-acquired habit, arising from the prevalence of example, than in natural depravity—if every divine in Great Britain were to preach at least one sermon every twelve months on our universal insensibility to the sufferings of the brute creation?"

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods,
Draw near them, then, in being merciful ;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."

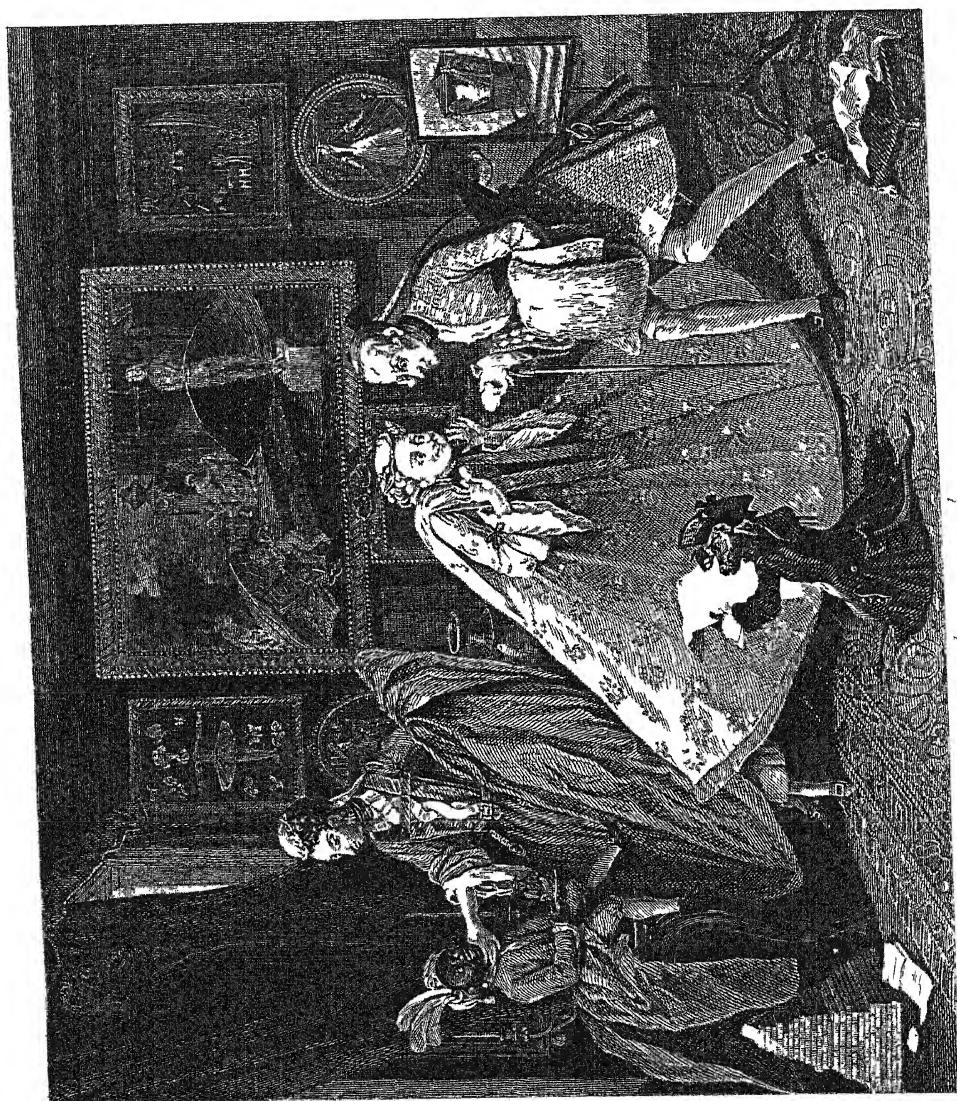
GATE OF CALAIS.

This picture illustrates essentially the robust and vigorous texture of Hogarth's nature. His respect for English beef and solid "manchets" is undeniable. His contempt for frogs and small fry proportionate. When he does not let his exposition of a fine healthy appetite degenerate into gluttony, he makes us understand the nature of the fine qualities of mastication and digestion, and that they represent the national stamina. The "Gate of Calais" is a spirited and humorous revenge for an insult put upon him ; and the idea which originated this whimsical and highly characteristic print arose from a visit made to Calais in the year 1747.

Extreme partiality for his native country was the leading trait of Hogarth's character ; he seems to have begun his three hours' voyage with a firm determination to be displeased at everything he saw out of Old England. For a meagre, powdered figure, hung with tatters, *a la mode de Paris*, to affect the airs of a coxcomb and the importance of a sovereign, is ridiculous enough ; but, if it make a man happy, why should he be laughed at ? It must blunt the edge of ridicule to see natural hilarity defy depression, and a whole nation laugh, sing, and dance, under burdens that would nearly break the firm-knit sinews of a Briton. Such was the picture of France at that period, but it was a picture which our English satirist could not contemplate with common patience. The swarms of grotesque figures who paraded the streets excited his indignation, and drew forth a torrent of coarse abusive ridicule, not much to the honour of his liberality. He compared them to Callot's beggars—Lazarus on the painted cloth—the prodigal son—or any other object descriptive of extreme contempt. Against giving way to these effusions of national spleen in the open streets, he was frequently cautioned ; but advice had no effect ; he treated admonition with scorn, and considered his monitor unworthy the name of Englishman. These satirical ebullitions were at length checked. Ignorant of the customs of France, and considering the gate of Calais merely as a piece of ancient architecture, he began to make a sketch. This was soon observed ; he was seized as a spy who intended to draw a plan of the fortification, and escorted by a file of musqueteers to M. le Commandant. His sketch-book was examined, leaf by leaf, and found to contain drawings that had not the most distant relation to tactics. Notwithstanding this favourable circumstance, the governor, with great politeness, assured him, that had not a treaty between the nations been actually signed he should have been under the disagreeable necessity of hanging him upon the ramparts : as it was, he must be permitted the privilege of providing him a few military attendants, who should do themselves the honour of waiting upon him while he resided in the dominions of "the Grande Monarque." Two sentinels were then ordered to escort him to his hotel, from whence they conducted him to the



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vessel; nor did they quit their prisoner until he was a league from shore; when, seizing him by the shoulders, and spinning him round upon the deck, they said he was now at liberty to pursue his voyage without further molestation.

So mortifying an adventure he did not like to hear recited, but has in this print recorded the circumstance which led to it. In one corner he has given a portrait of himself making the drawing; and to show the moment of arrest, the hand of a sergeant is upon his shoulder.

The French sentinel is so situated as to give some idea of a figure hanging in chains: his ragged shirt is trimmed with a pair of paper ruffles. The old woman, and the fish that she is pointing at, have a striking resemblance. The abundance of parsnips and other vegetables indicates what are the leading articles in a Lenten feast.

Mr. Pine, the painter, sat for the friar, and from thence acquired the title of Father Pine. This distinction did not flatter him, and he frequently requested that the countenance might be altered, but the artist peremptorily refused.

TASTE IN HIGH LIFE IN THE YEAR 1742.

THE picture from which this print was copied, Hogarth painted by the order of Miss Edwards, a woman of large fortune; who, having been laughed at for some singularities in her manners, requested the artist to recriminate on her opponents, and paid him sixty guineas for his production.

It is professedly intended to ridicule the reigning fashions of high life in the year 1742: to do this, the painter has brought into one group, an old beau and an old lady of the Chesterfield school, a fashionable young lady, a little black boy, and a full-dressed monkey. The old lady, with a most affected air, poises between her finger and thumb a small tea-cup, with the beauties of which she appears to be highly enamoured.

The gentleman, gazing with vacant wonder at that and the companion saucer, which he holds in his hand, joins in admiration of its astonishing beauties!

"Each varied colour of the brightest hue,
The green, the red, the yellow, and the blue,
In every part their dazzled eyes behold,
Here streak'd with silver—there enrich'd with gold."

This gentleman is said to be intended for Lord Portmore, in the habit in which he first appeared at Court on his return from France. The cane dangling from his wrist, large muff, long queue, black stock, feathered chapeau, and shoes, give him the air of

"An old and finish'd fop,
All cork at heel, and feather all at top."

The old lady's habit, formed of stiff brocade, gives her the appearance of a squat pyramid, with a grotesque head at the top of it. The young one is fondling a little black boy, who on his part is playing with a petit pagoda. This miniature Othello has been said to be intended for the late Ignatius Sancho, whose talents and virtues were an honour to his colour. At the time the picture was painted he would have been rather older than the figure; but as he was then honoured by the partiality and protection of a noble family, the painter might possibly mean to delineate what his figure had been a few years before.

The little monkey, with a magnifying glass, bag-wig, *solitaire*, laced hat, and ruffles, is eagerly inspecting a bill of fare, with the following articles *pour dîner*:—cocks' combs, ducks' tongues, rabbits' ears, fricassee of snails, *grande d'œufs beurre*.

In the centre of the room is a capacious china jar; in one corner a tremendous pyramid, composed of packs of cards; and on the floor, close to them, a bill inscribed "Lady Basto, Dr. to John Pip, for cards,—£300."

The room is ornamented with several pictures; the principal represents the Medicean Venus, on a pedestal, in stays and high-heeled shoes, and holding before her a hoop petticoat, somewhat larger than a fig-leaf; a Cupid paring down a fat lady to a thin proportion; and another Cupid blowing up a fire to burn a hoop petticoat, muff, bag, queue wig, &c. On the dexter side is another picture, representing Monsieur Desnoyer, operatically habited, dancing in a grand ballet, and surrounded by butterflies, insects evidently of the same genus with this deity of dance. On the sinister, is a drawing of exotics, consisting of queue and bag-wigs, muffs, *solitaires*, petticoats, French heeled shoes, and other fantastic fripperies.

Beneath this is a lady in a pyramidal habit, walking the park ; and as the companion picture, we have a blind man walking the streets.

The fire-screen is adorned with a drawing of a lady in a sedan-chair.

"To conceive how she looks, you must call to your mind
The lady you've seen in a lobster confined,
Or a pagod in some little corner enshrined."

As Hogarth made this design from the ideas of Miss Edwards, it has been said that he had no great partiality for his own performance ; and that, as he never would consent to its being engraved, the drawing from which the first print was copied, was made by the connivance of one of her servants. Be that as it may, his ridicule on the absurdities of fashion—on the folly of collecting old china and crockery, card-playing, &c., is pointed and highly wrought.

At the sale of Miss Edwards' effects at Kensington, the original picture was purchased by the father of Mr. Birch, surgeon, of Essex Street, Strand.

A MIDNIGHT MODERN CONVERSATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING this inscription, which was engraved on the plate some time after its publication, it is very certain that most of these figures were intended for individual portraits ; but Mr. Hogarth, not wishing to be considered as a personal satirist, and fearful of making enemies among his contemporaries, would never acknowledge who were the characters. Some of them the world might perhaps mistake ; for, though the author was faithful in delineating whatever he intended to portray, complete intoxication so far caricatures the countenance that, according to the old though trite proverb, "the man is not himself." His portrait, though given with the utmost fidelity, will scarcely be known by his most intimate friends, unless they have previously seen him in this degrading disguise. Hence it becomes difficult to identify men whom the painter did not choose to point out at the time ; and a century having elapsed, it becomes impossible ; for all who composed the group, with the artist by whom it was delineated,

"Shake hands with dust, and call the worm their kinsman."

Mrs. Piozzi was of opinion, that the divine with a corkscrew, occasionally used as a tobacco-stopper, hanging upon his little finger, was the portrait of Parson Ford, Dr. Johnson's uncle ; though, upon the authority of Sir John Hawkins, of anecdotist memory, it has been generally supposed to be intended for Orator Henley. As both these worthies were distinguished by that rubicundity of face with which it is marked, the reader may decree the honour of a sitting to which he pleases.

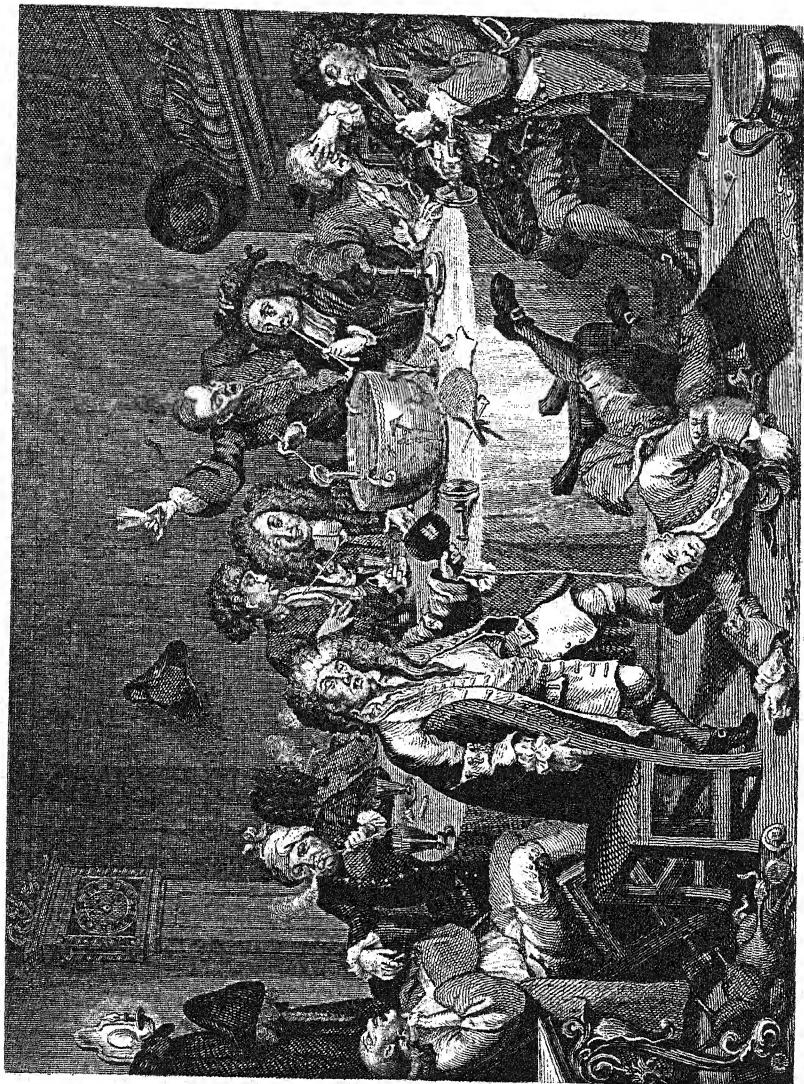
The roaring bacchanalian who stands next him, waving his glass in the air, has pulled off his wig, and, in the zeal of his friendship, crowns the divine's head. He is evidently drinking destruction to fanatics and success to mother church, or a mitre to the jolly parson whom he addresses.

The lawyer, who sits near him, is a portrait of one Kettleby, a vociferous bar-orator, who, though an outer barrister, chose to distinguish himself by wearing an enormous full-bottom wig, in which he is here represented. He was further remarkable for a diabolical squint and a satanic smile.

A poor maudlin miserable who is addressing him when sober must be a fool ; but, in this state, it would puzzle Lavater to assign him a proper class. He seems endeavouring to demonstrate to the lawyer that, in a poi—poi—point of law, he has been most cruelly cheated, and lost a cau—cau—cause that he ought to have got ; and all this was owing to his attorney being an infernal villain. This may very probably be true, for the poor man's tears show that, like the person relieved by the good Samaritan, he has been among thieves. The barrister grins horribly at his misfortunes, and tells him he is properly punished for not employing a gentleman.

Next to him sits a gentleman in a black periwig. He politely turns his back to the company, that he may have the pleasure of smoking a sociable pipe.

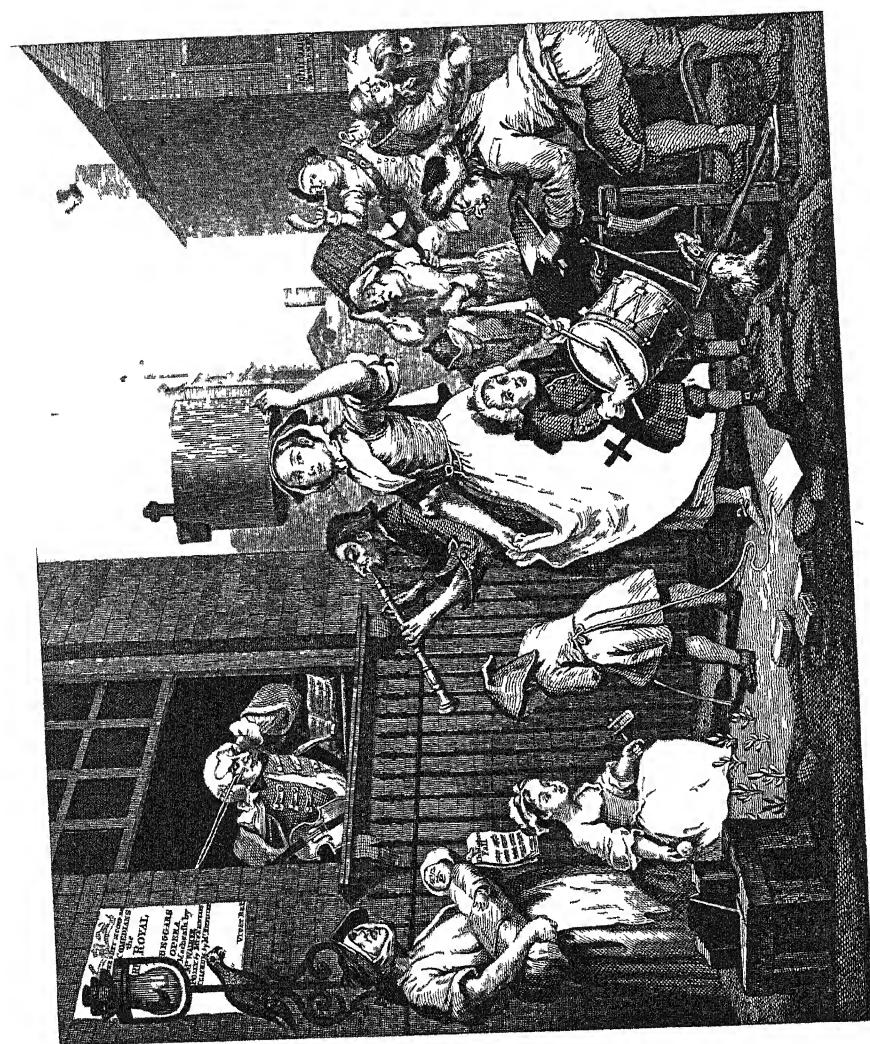
The justice, "in fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,"—the justice, having hung up his hat, wig, and cloak, puts on his nightcap, and, with a goblet of superior capacity before him, sits in solemn cogitation. His left elbow supported by the table, and his right by a chair, with a pipe in one hand and a stopper in the other, he puffs out the bland vapour with the dignity of an alderman, and fancies himself as great as Jupiter, seated upon the summit of Mount Olympus, enveloped by the thick cloud which his own breath has created.



Engraved by F. Phibbs, a.m.

A BRITISH MERCHANT COMPANY'S SAVAGE.

From the Original Drawing by Phibbs.



With folded arms and open mouth, another leans back in his chair. His wig has dropped from his head, and he is asleep; but, though speechless, he is sonorous; for you clearly perceive that, where nasal sounds are the music, he is qualified to be the leader of the band.

The fallen hero, who with his chair and goblet has tumbled to the floor, by the cockade in his hat, we suppose to be an officer. His forehead is marked, perhaps with honourable scars. To wash his wounds, and cool his head, the staggering apothecary bathes it with brandy.

A gentleman in the corner, who, from having the *Craftsman* and *London Evening* in his pocket, we determine to be a politician, very unluckily mistakes his ruffle for the bowl of his pipe, and sets fire to it.

The person in a bag-wig and *solitaire*, with his hand upon his head, would not now pass for a fine gentleman, but in the year 1735 was a complete beau. Unaccustomed to such joyous company, he appears to have drunk rather more than agrees with him.

The company consists of eleven; and on the chimney-piece, floor, and table, are three-and-twenty empty flasks. These, added to a bottle which the apothecary holds in his hand, prove that this select society have not lost a moment. The full goblets and charged glasses prove that they think "tis too early to part," though the dial points to four in the morning.

The different degrees of drunkenness are well discriminated, and its effects admirably described. The poor simpleton, who is weeping out his woes to honest lawyer Kettleby, it makes mawkish; the beau it makes sick; and the politician it stupefies. One is excited to roaring, and another lulled to sleep. It half closes the eyes of justice, renders the footing of physic unsure, and lays prostrate the glory of his country, and the pride of war.

THE ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

"With thundering noise the azure vault they tear,
And rend with savage roar the echoing air:
The sounds terrific he with horror hears;
His fiddle throws aside—and stops his ears."

WE have seen displayed the distress of a poet; in this the artist has exhibited the rage of a musician. Our poor bard bore his misfortunes with patience, and, rich in his Muse, did not much repine at his poverty. Not so this master of harmony, of heavenly harmony! To the evils of poverty he is now a stranger; his *adagios* and *cantabiles* have procured him the protection of nobles; and, contrary to the poor shirtless mendicant of the Muses that we left in a garret, he is arrayed in a coat decorated with frogs, a bag-wig, *solitaire*, and ruffled shirt. Waiting in the chamber of a man of fashion, whom he instructs in the divine science of music, having first tuned his instrument, he opens his crotchet-book, shou'lers his violin, flourishes his fiddle-stick, and,

"Softly sweet, in Lydian measure,
Soon he soothes his soul to pleasure."

Rapt in Elysium at the divine symphony, he is awakened from his beatific vision by noises that distract him.

"An universal hubbub wild,
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
Assails his ears with loudest vehemence."

Confounded with the din, and enraged by the interruption, our modern Terpander starts from his seat, and opens the window. This operates as air to a kindling fire; and such a combination of noises bursts upon the auricular nerve, that he is compelled to stop his ears—but to stop the torrent is impossible!

"A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of thought asunder!
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder
At the horrible sound
He has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amazed he stares all around."

In this situation he is delineated; and those who for a moment contemplate the figures before him, cannot wonder at his rage.

"A crew of hell-hounds never ceasing bark,
With white Cerberean mouth, full loud, and ring
A hideous peal."

Of the *dramatis personæ* who perform the vocal parts, the first is a fellow, in a tone that would rend hell's concave, bawling, "Dust, ho! dust, ho! dust!" Next to him, an amphibious animal, who nightly pillows his head on the sedgy bosom of old Thames, in a voice that emulates the rush of many waters, or the roaring of a cataract, is bellowing, "Flounda-a-a-ars!" A daughter of May-day, who dispenses what in London is called milk, and is consequently a milk-maid, in a note pitched at the very top of her voice, is crying, "Be-louw!" While a ballad-singer dolefully drawls out "The Ladies' Fall," an infant in her arms joins its treble pipe in chorus with the screaming parrot, which is on a lamp-iron over her head. On the roof of an opposite house are two cats, performing what an amateur of music might perhaps call a bravura duet; near them appears

"A sweep, shrill twittering on the chimney-top."

A little French drummer, singing to his rub-a-dub, and the agreeable yell of a dog, complete the vocal performers.

Of the instrumental, a fellow blowing a horn, with a violence that would have almost shaken down the walls of Jericho, claims the first notice; next to him, the dustman rattles his bell with ceaseless clangour, until the air reverberates the sound.

The intervals are filled up by a pavier, who, to every stroke of his rammer, adds a loud, distinct, and echoing, Haugh! The pedestrian cutler is grinding a butcher's cleaver with such earnestness and force, that it elicits sparks of fire. This, added to the agonising howls of his unfortunate dog, must afford a perfect specimen of the ancient chromatic. The poor animal, between a man and a monkey, piping harsh discords upon a hautboy, the girl whirling her *crepitaculum*, or rattle, and the boy beating his drum, conclude the catalogue of this harmonious band.

This delineation originated in a story which was told to Hogarth by the late Mr. John Festin, who is the hero of the print. He was eminent for his skill in playing upon the German flute and hautboy, and much employed as a teacher of music. To each of his scholars he devoted one hour each day. "At nine o'clock in the morning," said he, "I once waited upon my Lord Spencer; but his lordship being out of town, from him I went to Mr. V——n. It was so early that he had not arisen. I went into his chamber, and opening a shutter, sat down in the window-seat. Before the rails was a fellow playing upon the hautboy. A man with a barrow full of onions offered the piper an onion if he would play him a tune. That ended, he offered a second onion for a second tune; the same for a third, and was going on: but this was too much; I could not bear it; it angered my very soul—'Zounds!' said I, 'stop here! This fellow is ridiculing my profession; he is playing on the hautboy for onions!'"

The whole of this bravura scene is admirably represented. A person quaintly enough observed, that it deafens one to look at it.

COLUMBUS BREAKING THE EGG.

By the success of Columbus's first voyage, doubt had been changed into admiration; from the honours with which he was rewarded, admiration degenerated into envy. To deny that his discovery carried in its train consequences infinitely more important than had resulted from any made since the creation, was impossible. His enemies had recourse to another expedient, and boldly asserted that there was neither wisdom in the plan, nor hazard in the enterprise.

When he was once at a Spanish supper, the company took this ground, and being by his narrative furnished with the reflections which had induced him to undertake his voyage, and the course that he had pursued in its completion, one of the party sagaciously observed, that "it was impossible for any man, a degree above an idiot, to have failed of success. The whole process was so obvious, it must have been seen by a man who was half blind! Nothing could be so easy!"

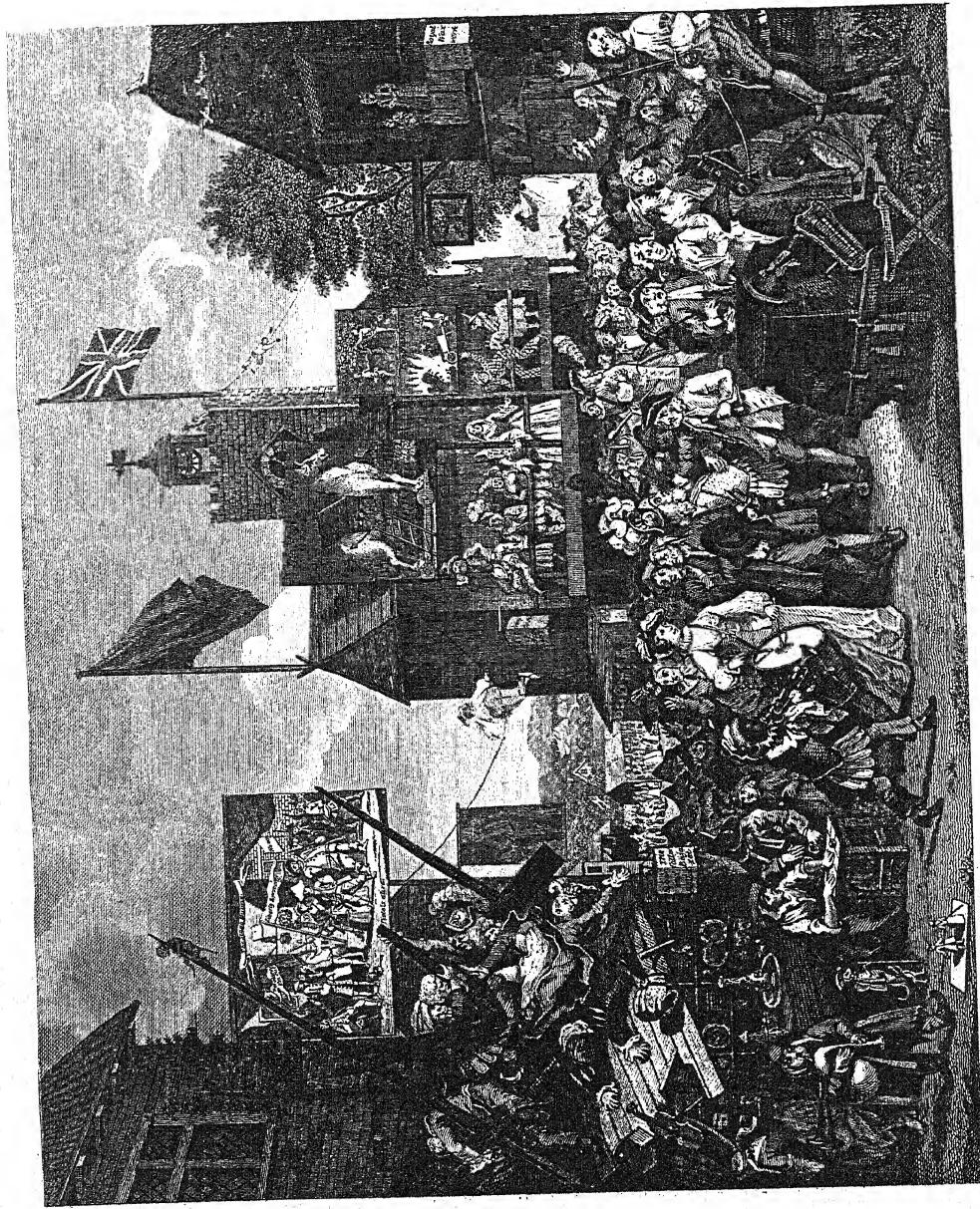
"It is not difficult now I have pointed out the way," was the answer of Columbus; "but easy as it will appear when you are possessed of my method, I do not believe that, without such instruction, any person present could place one of these eggs upright on the table." The cloth, knives, and forks were thrown aside, and two of the party, placing their eggs as required, kept them steady with their fingers. One of them swore there could be no other way. "We will try," said the navigator; and giving an egg, which he held in his hand, a smart stroke upon the table, it remained upright. The emotions which this excited in the company are expressed in their countenances. In the be-ruffed booby at his left hand it raises astonishment; he is a DEAR ME! man, of the same family with Sterne's *Simple Traveller*, and came from Amiens only yesterday. The fellow behind him, beating his head, curses his own stupidity; and the whiskered ruffian, with his forefinger on the egg, is in his heart cursing Columbus. As to the two veterans on the other side, they have





CO D'ESPAGNE TRESSE MARIE.

Opéra pour l'empereur et l'empereur de Russie, à l'ouverture de l'Exposition universelle de Paris, 1867.



SCENE IN THE WARRIOR.

*Engraved by C. & C. Whalan, from the Original Drawing
by J. C. Blaikie, R.A., R.E., F.R.S.*

Printed by C. & C. Whalan, 19, the Strand, London.

lived too long to be agitated with trifles : he who wears a cap exclaims, "Is this all?" and the other, with a bald head, "By St. Jago, I did not think of that!" In the face of Columbus there is not that violent and excessive triumph which is exhibited by little characters on little occasions : he is too elevated to be overbearing ; and, pointing to the conical solution of his problematical conundrum, displays a calm superiority and silent internal contempt.

Two eels, twisted round the eggs upon the dish, are introduced as specimens of the line of beauty, which is again displayed on the table-cloth, and hinted at on the knife-blade. In all these curves there is peculiar propriety, for the etching was given as a receipt-ticket to the Analysis, where this favourite undulating line forms the basis of his system.

In the print of Columbus there is evident reference to the criticisms on what Hogarth called his own discovery ; and, in truth, the connoisseurs' remarks on the painter were dictated by a similar spirit to those of the critics on the navigator : they first asserted there was no such line, and, when he had proved that there was, gave the honour of discovery to Lomazzo, Michael Angelo, &c., &c.

THE COUNTRY INN YARD; OR, THE STAGE COACH.

AMONG the writers of English novels, Henry Fielding holds the first rank : he was the novelist of nature, and has described some scenes which bear a strong resemblance to that which is here delineated. The artist, like the author, has taken truth for his guide, and given such characters as are familiar to all our minds. The scene is a country inn yard, at the time passengers are getting into a stage-coach, and an election procession passing in the background. Nothing can be better described ; we become of the party. The vulgar roar of our landlady is no less apparent than the grave, insinuating, imposing countenance of mine host. Boniface solemnly protests that a bill he is presenting to an old gentleman in a laced hat is extremely moderate. This does not satisfy the paymaster, whose countenance shows that he considers it as a palpable fraud, though the Act against bribery, which he carries in his pocket, designates him to be of a profession not very liable to suffer imposition ; its members being in general less sinned against than sinning. An ancient lady, getting into the coach, is, from her breadth, a very inconvenient companion in such a vehicle ; but to atone for her rotundity, an old maid of a spare appearance, and in a most grotesque habit, is advancing towards the steps.

A portly gentleman, with a sword and cane in one hand, is deaf to the entreaties of a poor little deformed postilion, who solicits his customary fee. The old woman smoking her short pipe in the basket, pays very little attention to what is passing around her : cheered by the fumes of her tobacco, she lets the vanities of the world go their own way. Two passengers on the roof of the coach afford a good specimen of French and English manners. Ben Block, of the *Centurion*, surveys the subject of *La Grande Monarque* with ineffable contempt.

In the window are a very curious pair, one of them blowing a French horn, and the other endeavouring, but without effect, to smoke away a little sickness which he feels from the fumes of his last night's punch. Beneath them is a traveller taking a tender farewell of the chambermaid, who is not to be moved by the clangour of the great bar bell or the more thundering sound of her mistress's voice.

The background is crowded with a procession of active citizens ; they have chained a figure with a horn-book, a bib, and a rattle, intended to represent Child, Lord Castlemain, afterwards Lord Tylney, who, in a violent contest for the county of Essex, opposed Sir Robert Abdy and Mr. Bramstone. The horn-book, bib, and rattle are evidently displayed as punningly allusive to his name.*

Some pains have been taken to discover in what part of Essex this scene is laid ; but from the many alterations made by rebuilding, removal, &c., it has not been positively ascertained, though it is probably Chelmsford.

SOUTHWARK FAIR.

The subject of the Plate under consideration is that of the Borough Fair ; a fair held some time since in the borough of Southwark, though now suppressed. This fair was attended, generally, by the inhabitants of town and country, and,

* At this election a man was placed on a bulk, with a figure representing a child in his arms ; as he whipped it, he exclaimed, "What, you little child, must you be a member?" This election being disputed, it appeared from the register-book of the parish where Lord Castlemain was born, that he was but twenty years of age when he offered himself as a candidate.

therefore, was one that afforded great variety; especially as, before its suppression, it was devoted to everything loose and irregular. A view of the scene, of which the following print is a faithful representation, will affirm this truth.

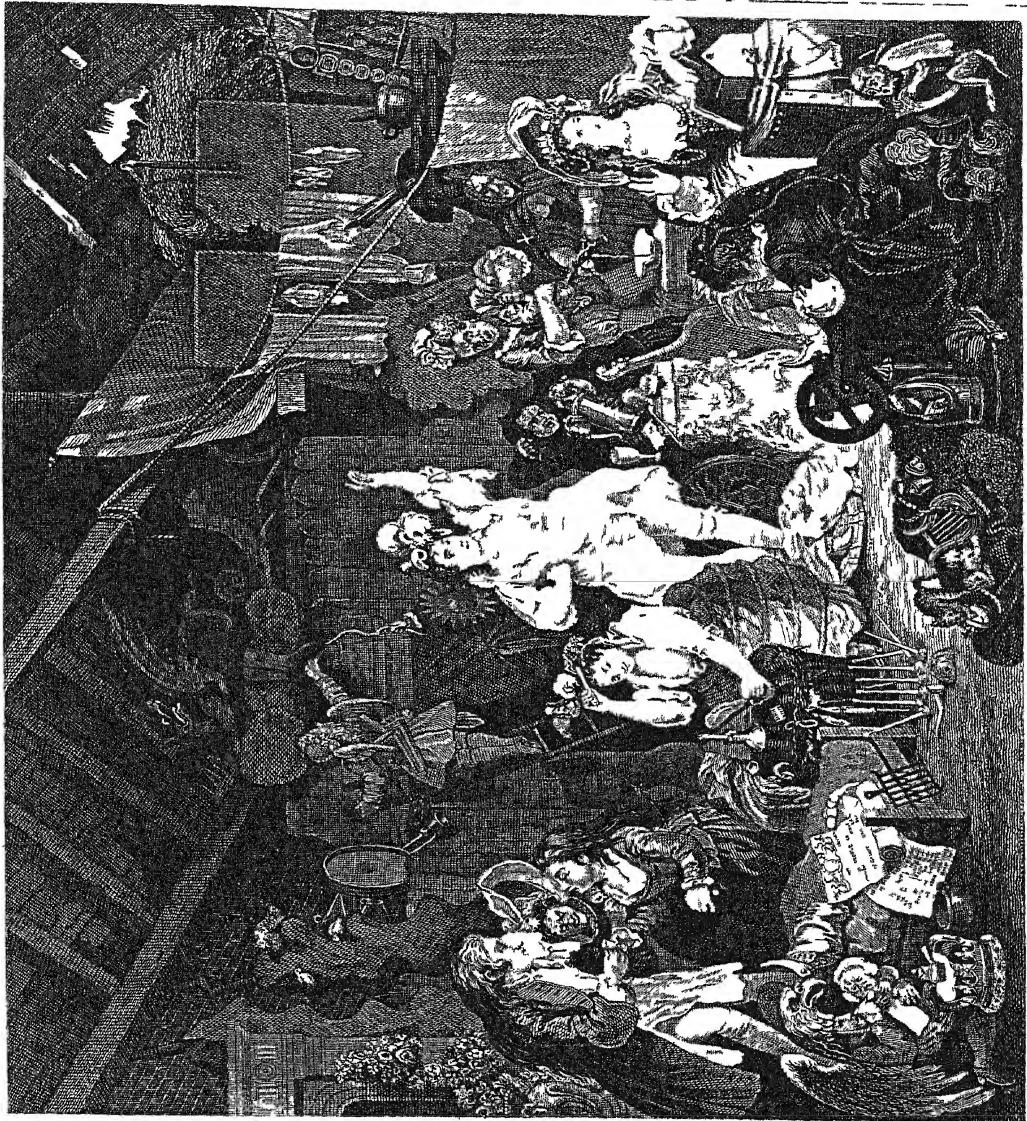
It has been observed, and with a decided amount of truth, that the prevailing impression rendered by a studious analysis of this picture is—sound; all is vociferous, rampant, bellowing, and utterly deafening in the way of sound. Its infinite variety and *kind*, too, is marked with an unfailing amount of minutiae, from the bass of the trombone and the boom of the drum, to the shrill treble of the smaller fry, contributing to the congregated mass there assembled.

The principal view upon the left represents the fall of a scaffold, on which was assembled a strolling company, pointed out, by the paper lantern hanging in front, to be that belonging to Cibber and Bullock, ready dressed to exhibit “The Fall of Bajazet.” Here we see merry-andrews, monkeys, queens and emperors, sinking in one general confusion; and, that the crash may appear the greater, the stand beneath is humorously supposed to consist of earthenware and china. Notwithstanding this fatal overthrow, few below are seen to notice it; witness the boys and woman gambling at the box and dice, the upright monkey, and the little bag-piper dancing his wooden figures. Above this scaffold hangs a painting, the subject of which is the stage mutiny, whose figures are as follow:—On one side is Pistol (strutting and crying out, “Pistol’s alive”), Falstaff, Justice Shallow, and many other characters of Shakspeare. On the other the manager, bearing in his hand a paper, on which is written, “It cost £6,000;” a scene-painter who has laid his brushes aside, and taken up a cudgel; and a woman holding an ensign, bearing the words, “We’ll starve ‘em out.” In the corner is a man, quiet and snug, hugging a bag of money, and laughing at the folly of the rest; and behind, a monkey perched upon a sign-iron, supposed to be that of the Rose Tavern in Drury Lane—squeaking out, “I am a gentleman.” These paintings are in general designed to show what is exhibited within; but this incident alludes to a dispute that arose at the time when this print was published, which was in the year 1733, between the players and the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, when young Cibber, the son of the Laureate, was at the head of the faction. Above, on one side, is an equilibrist swinging on a slack rope; and on the other, a man flying from the tower to the ground, by means of a groove fastened to his breast, slipping over a line strained from one place to the other. At the back of this Plate is Lee and Harper’s great booth, where, by the picture of the wooden horse, we are told, is represented “The Siege of Troy.” The next paintings consist of the fall of Adam and Eve, and a scene in Punch’s opera. Beneath is a mountebank, exalted on a stage, eating fire to attract the public attention, while his merry-andrew behind is distributing his medicines. Further back is a shift and hat, carried upon poles, designed as prizes for the best runner or wrestler. In front is a group of strollers parading the fair, in order to collect an audience for their next exhibition; in which is a female drummer, at that time well known and remarked for her beauty, which we observe has caught the eye of two countrymen—the one old, the other young. Behind these men is a buskin’d hero, beset by a Marshalsea-court officer and his follower. To the right is a Savoyard exhibiting her farthing show; and behind, a player at backsword, riding a blind horse round the fair triumphantly, in all the boast of self-important heroism, affecting terror in his countenance, glorying in his scars, and challenging the world to open combat—a folly for which the English were remarkable. To this man a fellow is directing the attention of a country gentleman while he robs him of his handkerchief. Next him is an artful villain decoying a couple of unthinking girls to their ruin. Further back is a man kissing a wench in the crowd; and above, a juggler performing some dexterity of hand. Indeed, it would be tedious to enter into an enumeration of the various matter of this Plate; it is sufficient to remark, that it presents us with an endless collection of spirited and laughable characters, in which is strikingly portrayed the character of the times.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

If variety is any way entertaining, or if the life of a painting consists in its diversity of figures, the piece before us claims our particular attention: none abound more with contrasted subjects, nor can the *vis comica* be more conspicuous; every group is crowded with humour, every subject with matter of laughter. Here we see confusion mixed with uniformity, and inconsistency united with propriety; royalty let down by the ensigns of beggary, and beggary set off by the regalia of royalty. Most people are, indeed, acquainted with stage exhibitions, but few have any idea of their apparatus. Mr. Hogarth, therefore, desirous of communicating that pleasure he frequently enjoyed himself, and of profiting by the design, published this Plate in the year 1738, when the attention of the public was called to this class of people, it being just before the Act against strolling players took place.

The place from whence this scene is taken is supposed to be a barn, belonging to an inn in some country town, intimated by the corn and flail aloft, the hen and chickens at roost (though here) upon a wave, and the eggs upon the





“I tell you you’ll come by

bed. The time is evening, the *company from the theatres at London* dressing and preparing to perform a farce, which, we are told by the play-bill on the bed, is called "The Devil to pay in Heaven" (a very suitable subject), with entertainments of tumbling and rope-dancing. Such, we are to conceive, is their poverty, that they have but one room for all purposes; witness the bed, the gridiron, the urinal, the food, and all the stage apparatus—viz., scenes, flags, paint-pots, pageants, brushes, clouds, waves, ropes, besoms, drums, trumpets, salt-boxes, and other musical instruments; crowns, mitres, helmets, targets, dark-lanterns, cushions, periwigs, feathers, hampers of jewels, and contrivances for conjuring, thunder, lightning, dragons, daggers, poison, candles, and clay. The characters they are dressing for in this farce are Jupiter, Juno, Diana, Flora, Night, Syren, Aurora, Eagle, and Cupid; with devils, ghosts, and attendants. Jupiter, we see, is holding Cupid's bow—directing the little fellow to reach his stockings, which were hung to dry upon the clouds. Queen Juno is rehearsing her part; while the sable goddess Night, represented by a Negro girl in a starry robe, is mending a hole in her majesty's hose. Diana, though stripped, is raving in all the high-swollen rant of tragedy; while Flora, at her feet, is attentively pomatuming her hair with a tallow candle, ready to powder it with flower from a dredging-box, heedless of her wicker toilet's taking fire from a neighbouring flame. On the right of her is Aurora with her rosy face, ridding the charming *intoxicated* Syren of some of her close companions, while she is comforting a female hero, wrapt up with the toothache, with a glass of spirits; who, greatly unlike the generality of her sex, is weeping at the thought of wearing the breeches, for the smallness of a strolling company frequently obliges women to play the parts of men, and men to fill the characters of women; nay, by the monkey's being habited in the further corner, it is intimated that the farce they are going to perform has such a variety of characters, that they are under the necessity of making the monkey perform the part of an attendant. Beneath this woman's feet is a girl, dressed up by way of Eagle, cramming a new-born infant with scalding pap. Humorously has our author set the pannikin upon the Act of Parliament against strolling players, and that upon a crown. This crown once pressed the brow of haughty Bolingbroke.

"And when young Harry did the crown purloin,
He wept—because it was not current coin."

At the back of this Plate are two young devils (their horns just budded) contending for a draught of beer. Behind them is a female tumbler and the ghost, employed in extracting blood from the tail of a cat, in order to assist them in some sanguinary representation. The faces of these two women are finely contrasted; in one we observe age and pleasantry, in the other youth and distress.

[This picture—which belonged to Lord Orford—has produced from the most genial of all humoristic writers, an admission that "it is, perhaps, the only one of his (the artist's) performances at which we have a right to feel disgusted." This from Charles Lamb! and the present commentator cannot but express his astonishment at the same, seeing that the whole picture is, to *his* moral sense, pure and clean throughout.]

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

WERE we to form our opinion of the preacher from his countenance and attitude, we are convinced that he would lull to soft repose the most lively assembly that ever congregated in the capital. How, then, must his manner operate here? As an opiate more powerful than poppies. It is as composing as are the very descriptive lines that conclude the second book of Pope's *Dunciad*, which are so perfectly an echo to the sense, that they ought to be inscribed on the front of the first temple which is dedicated to Somnus. He

"In one lazy tone,
Through the long, heavy, painful page, drawls on,
Soft creeping words on words the sense compose;
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe or pause by fits the airs divine;
And now to this side, now to that they nod," &c.

The clerk, infinitely more important than the divine, is kept awake by contemplating the charms of a voluptuously-blooming damsel, who, in studying the service of matrimony, has sighed her soul to rest. The eyes of this pronouncer of Amen are visibly directed to her.

In the pew opposite are five swains of the village—

“Each mouth distended, and each head reclin’d,
They soundly sleep.”

To render this rural scene more pastoral, they are accompanied by two women, who have once been shepherdesses, and perhaps celebrated by some neighbouring Theocritus as the Chloe and Daphne of their day. Being now in the wane of their charms, poetical justice will not allow us to give them any other appellation than old women. They are awake. Whether the artist intended by this to show that they are actuated by the spirit of contradiction (for the preacher entreats them to go to rest), or meant it as a compliment to the softer sex, let those who have studied their characters determine.

In the gallery are two men joining in chorus with the band below. One of them has the decency to hide his face; but the other is evidently in full song.

The heavy architecture and grotesque decorations lead us to conjecture that this now venerable edifice was once the cottage of Baucis and Philemon, so exquisitely described by Swift.

“Grown to a church by just degrees—
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, the English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Childien in the Wood,
Now seem to look abundance better,
Improv’d in picture, size, and letter,
And, high in order plac’d, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.”

The children in the wood are now exalted above the Gothic windows. One of them we see transformed to an angel; which, to prove its being a more exalted species, and no longer a mere mortal, has four thighs.

“The pretty Robin Redbreasts, which
Did cover them with leaves,”

have undergone a transmigration much to their advantage. It has somewhat sullied their plumage, but they have assumed a more important appearance; and the loss of beauty is compensated by an abundant increase in bulk and dignity. Exalted to the upper part of a fluted pillar, and seated in heraldic state, they seem to mortal eyes the emblems of wisdom, the symbols of Minerva.

A lion and companion unicorn, concealed by the pillar, was originally a head-piece to that excellent old ballad beginning with—

“The fierce lyon of faire Englonde
Didde swallowe the lillie of France.”

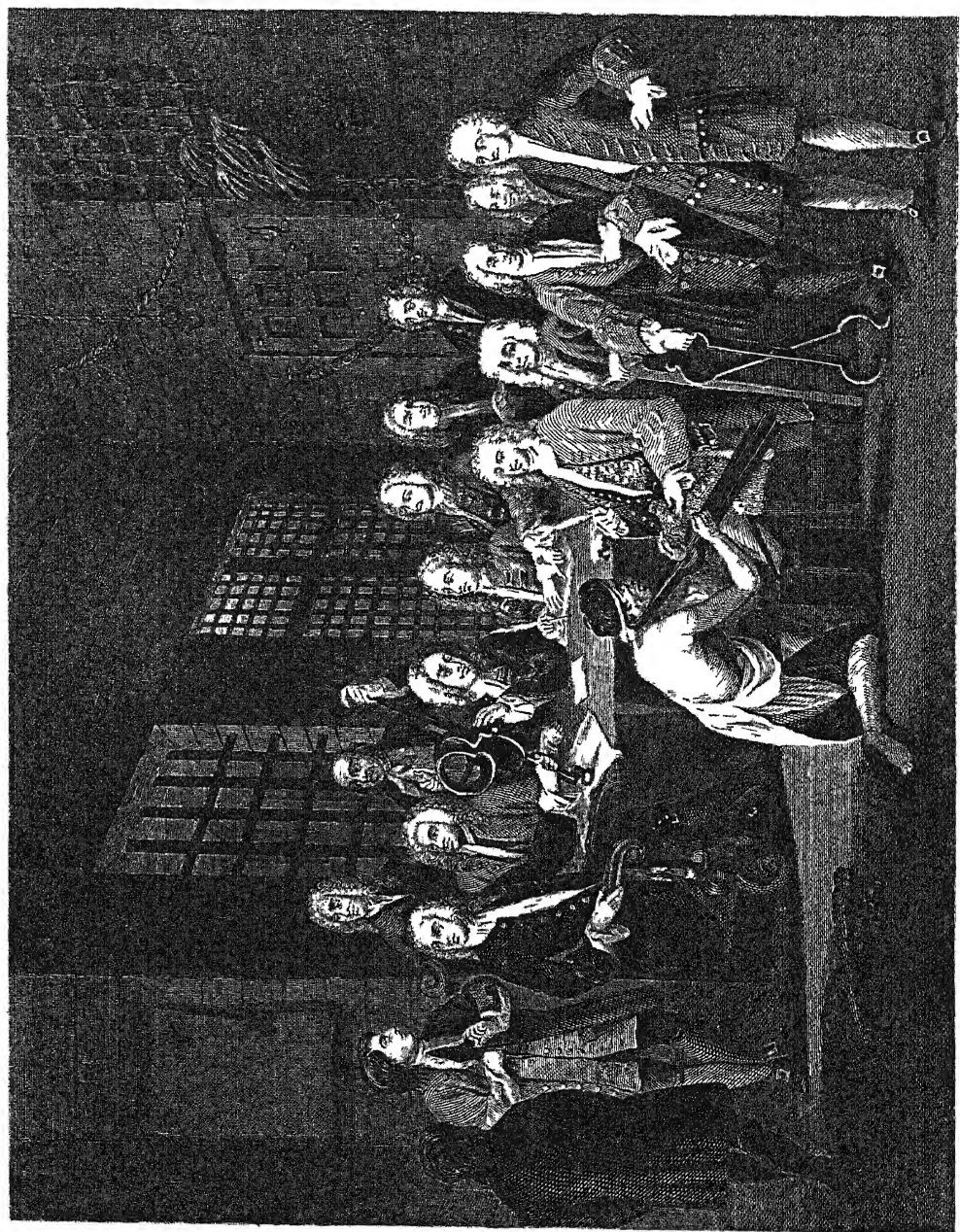
With jaws extended wide enough to swallow a bed of lilies, he is one of the supporters to the king’s arms.

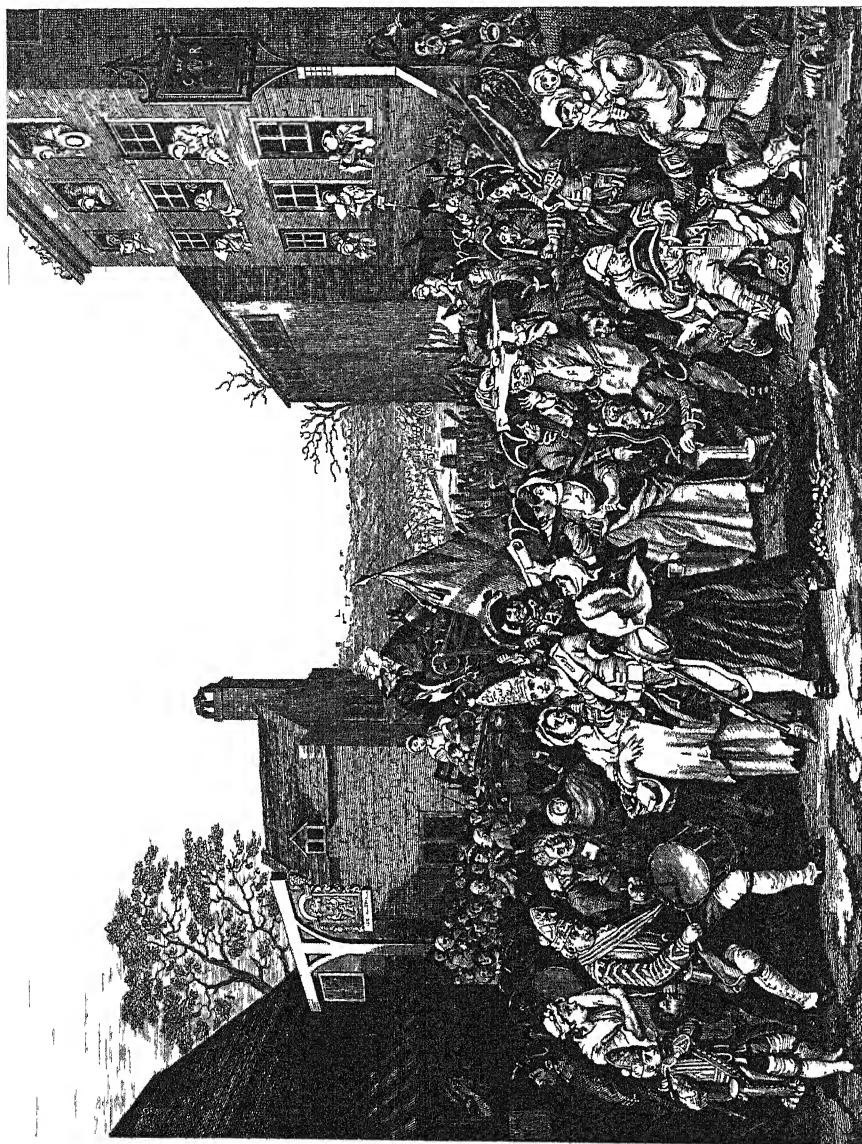
The pews carry evident marks of having been once a Gothic bedstead, the cumbrous load of oak with which it was canopied being still supported by large square posts. The windows are intended for companions, but there is an evident difference in their proportions; and the rest of the building is in equal good keeping. On the whole, we may conjecture that its contriver had neither studied Vitruvius, nor considered uniformity as a requisite in architecture.

EXAMINATION OF BAMBRIDGE BEFORE THE COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THIS occurrence is thus described in Smollett’s History:—

“Mr. Oglethorpe, having been informed of shocking cruelties and oppressions exercised by gaolers upon their prisoners, moved for an examination into these practices, and was chosen chairman of a committee appointed to inquire into the state of the gaols of the kingdom. They began with the Fleet Prison, which they visited in a body: there they found Sir William Rich, baronet, loaded with irons, by order of Bambridge the warden, to whom he had given some slight cause of offence. They made a discovery of many inhuman barbarities which had been committed by that ruffian, and detected the most iniquitous scenes of fraud, villainy, and extortion. When the Report was made by the committee, the House unanimously resolved, that Thomas Bambridge, acting warden of the Fleet, had wilfully permitted several debtors to escape; had been guilty of the most notorious breaches of trust, great extortions, and the highest crimes and misdemeanours





in the execution of his office ; that he had arbitrarily and unlawfully loaded with irons, put into dungeons, and destroyed prisoners for debt, under his charge ; treating them in the most barbarous and cruel manner, in high violation and contempt of the laws of the kingdom. John Huggins, Esq., who had been warden of the Fleet Prison, was subjected to a resolution of the same nature. The House presented an address to the King, desiring he would direct his attorney-general forthwith to prosecute these persons and their accomplices, who were committed prisoners to Newgate. A bill was brought in, disabling Bambridge to execute the office of warden ; another for the better regulating the prison of the Fleet, and for more effectually preventing and punishing arbitrary and illegal practices of the warden of the said prison."—See Jones's edition of Hume and Smollett's *England*.

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

THE spot this scene represents is Tottenham Court Turnpike, from whence we have a view of Hampstead and Highgate in the distance. The first object that presents itself below these hills is a body of soldiers, marching in tolerable order, with their baggage-waggon beside them. This regularity is indeed less observed in front, occasioned in part by the interruption they meet with, owing to the narrowness of the passage through the gate, and the license allowed to the sons of liberty on quitting their homes. A young grenadier, of good mien, is the principal object of the first group ; he is accompanied, or rather seized on and beset, by two women of different cast, disposition, and character. We are to understand they are both *enceinte*, and are claiming him for the father. One attempts to melt him with tears, the other to alarm him with threats ; and so obstreperous is the latter, that the sergeant behind finds himself obliged to interfere. They are engaged also in different pursuits—one being a ballad singer, the other a news carrier ; the former selling prints in favour of government, the latter against it. This we learn from the song of "God save the King," and the picture of the Duke of Cumberland, among other things, in the basket of the former ; the *Remembrancer*, the *London Evening Post*, and the *Jacobite Journal*, in possession of the other. On the left of this group is a young officer kissing a milk girl, which gives an arch wag an opportunity of robbing her of her milk, which he is pouring into his hat, and of which a chimney-sweeper's boy appears very desirous to partake. This incident attracts the attention of a pastrycook behind, who seems to enjoy the piece of roguery, at which the man beside him points, at the same time that he is stealing one of the pies from his head. Behind the pastrycook is a man carrying a barrel of strong beer, which a soldier has pierced with a gimlet in order to fill his canteen, while another is keeping guard lest any should interrupt him. This last is comfortably drunk. A little further back is a priggish lieutenant, bringing up the rear of the company before him—stalking in all the pride of military march, and coveting the notice of the women. On the right of the principal group is a Frenchman, represented as a man of some importance, in order to render him more ridiculous. He is whispering to a Scotchman, to whom he is communicating the contents of a letter he has just received, which we are to suppose relate to the event that occasions this march. Behind this Frenchman is an ale-house ; in front of which is a drummer, who, by beating on his drum, endeavours to shake off the thoughts of leaving his family, who in vain attempt to affect him by their tender farewell. On his right is a fifer, adding his noise to that of the drum ; this lad, by the sweetness of his figure, is a beautiful contrast to the squalidness of the objects about him. In the group on the right of this Plate, opposite to that of the drummer, is another soldier, exceedingly drunk, to whom his comrade (who has snatched up a hen from her brood of chickens, and conveyed it into his pouch) is in vain endeavouring to give a draught of water ; a sort of female sutler offers him a glass of gin with more success, which the infant on her back, who seems well accustomed to this liquor, is trying to get at ; for so general is the use of it among the lower class of people become, as to be the comforting cordial of every age. On the other side, behind, are two fellows stripped and boxing, a circumstance we seldom miss seeing wherever there is a crowd. In this contest more seem engaged than the two men who are fighting. Here we see a woman, supposed to be the wife of one of them, eager to get in to part them, but kept back ; there a fellow encouraging the other, who appears to flag through the loss of an eye. But the principal figure is the cobbler above, near the sign-post, who is finely described with double fists, ready to fly at him who seems the victor—or, in the bruiser's phrase, to take up the conqueror. In short, to give a particular description of every minute object in this print, would be an almost endless task ; and to throw out any reflection on the various matter would be needless. Let it suffice to say, that we have here a faithful representation of nature, which speaks for itself, and so largely enriched with the true *vis comica*, or spirit of humour, that the more we examine it, the greater pleasure we have ; and the longer we view it, the more beauties we find.

This picture, indignantly rejected by George II., and maliciously re-dedicated to Frederick of Prussia, adorns the walls of the Foundling Hospital.

CREDULITY, SUPERSTITION, AND FANATICISM.

LORD BACON somewhere remarks, that superstition is worse than infidelity. It takes from religion every attraction, every comfort; and the place of humble hope and patient resignation is supplied by melancholy, despair, and madness!

To check the inundation of absurdity which deemed carnal reason profane, and was not to be combated by argument, Mr. Hogarth designed this print; and though the delineation was made in his sixty-fourth year, in satire, wit, and imagination it is superior to any of his preceding works.

The text, "I speak as a fool," is a type of the preacher, whose strength of lungs is a convenient substitute for strength of argument: he is literally a Boanerges; his tones rend the region, and the thunder of his eloquence has cracked the sounding-board. Considering action as the first requisite of an orator, our ecclesiastical juggler throws his whole frame into convulsions. By these violent agitations his gown flies open, and discovers that this Proteus of the pulpit is arrayed in a harlequin's jacket; and his wig falling off, displays the shaven crown of a Jesuit. But the loss of a periwig is not attended to; his denunciations are redoubled, his fulminations hurled indiscriminately around; he scatters about firebrands. Wrought up to the highest pitch of seraphic fervour, fevered by the heat of his own ecstasies, the whole man is inspired, and mounted upon the clouds of mystery, he soars through the dark regions of superstition, settles in the third heaven, and breathes empyreal air.

Between two duck-winged cherubs, who are studying the laughing and crying gamut, is the happy clerk. This crook-mouthed echo of absurdity has the true physiognomy of a Tartuffe; every feature is charged with hypocrisy.

Among the crowd we discover a youthful convert under the guidance of his spiritual confessor, who, pointing to Brimstone Ocean, unfolds a tale which terrifies his disciple to a degree that

"Must harrow up his soul, freeze his young blood," &c.

The sanguinary Jew, while he leans upon the altar, on which lies a knife inscribed "bloody," sacrifices to his revenge an unfortunate insect, which he caught carelessly wandering on the environs of his head.

Beneath is Mrs. Tofts of Godalming, well known in the annals of credulity; in the violence of her paroxysm she breaks a dram glass with her teeth.

Next to Mrs. Tofts is a possessed shoebblack, coolly clearing his stomach of a quantity of hobnails and iron staples. The book on which our sable professor of necromancy has deposited his basket, is *King James on Demonology*.

The ridicule is wound up by a Turk, whom we see through the window smoking his tube of Trinidad; lifting up his eyes with astonishment at the scene, he breathes a grateful ejaculation, and thanks his Maker that he was early initiated in the divine truths of the Koran, is out of the pale of this church, and has his name engraven on the tablets of Mahomet.

Beneath is a figure of the Tedworth drummers, who so wickedly disturbed the family of Mr. Mompesson; and in the frame below a representation of Fanny, the phantom of Cock Lane, with her hammer in her right hand. These two notable memorials of credulity are placed as a kind of head-piece to a mental thermometer, which ascertains the different degrees of heat in the blood of an enthusiast. When the liquid ascends, it rises from lukewarm, and terminates in raving, which is properly obscured by clouds and above the ken of human comprehension. In its falling state, the progress of religious depression is most accurately marked: from low spirits it sinks to suicide. The whole rests on *Glanville on Witches*.

On the preacher's left hand, suspended to a ring inserted in a human nostril, hangs the scale of vociferation. A natural tone is at the bottom, but the speaker's tone is described by the distended mouth above the scale, inscribed "bull roar."

To the hook of the chandelier hangs a small sphere, on which is engraven, "Desarts of new Purgatory." On the globe is written, "A globe of hell;" it is so formed as to give the caricature of a human face, and baptizeth "horrid zone."

The poor's box is a mouse-trap, which intimates that whatever money is deposited will be secured for the faithful collectors.

BISHOP HOADLY.

THIS portrait of Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, bishop of Winchester, was first engraved by Baron, from a portrait, in a grand style, by Hogarth.



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SIMON LORD LOVAT,

From the Original by Hogarth.

TAKEN A FEW HOURS BEFORE HIS EXECUTION FOR HIGH TREASON.

Few writers of eminence have been so frequently or so illiberally traduced as Dr. Hoadly, yet fewer still have had the felicity of "living till a nation became his converts," and knowing "that sons have blushed that their fathers had been their foes." This great divine was born November 4, 1676; educated at Catherine Hall, Cambridge; was elected lecturer of St. Mildred, Poultry, 1701; was rector of St. Peter-le-Poor in 1704, and of Streatham in 1710; King's Chaplain, February 16, 1715-16; Bishop of Bangor, March 18, 1716; translated to Hereford in 1721, to Salisbury in 1723, and to Winchester in 1734, which he held nearly twenty-seven years; till, on April 17, 1761, at his house at Chelsea, in the same calm that he had enjoyed amidst all the storms that blew around him, he died, full of years and honours, beloved and regretted by all good men, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His useful labours, which will ever be esteemed by all lovers of the natural, civil, and religious rights of Englishmen, were collected into three large volumes in folio, 1773, by his son Dr. John Hoadly (then Chancellor of Winchester, and the only surviving male of a numerous and respectable family), who prefixed to them a short account of the bishop's life.

Concerning this portrait of Bishop Hoadly, Dr. John Hoadly wrote the following whimsical epistle to the artist:—

"To WILLIAM HOGARTH.

"Dear Billy,

"You were so kind as to say you would touch up the Doctor, if I would send him to town. Lo! it is here.—I am at Alresford for a day or two, to shear my flock, and to feed 'em (money you know is the sinews of war); and having this morning taken down all my pictures, in order to have my room painted, I thought I might as well pack up Dr. Benjamin, and send him packing to London. My love to him, and desire him, when his wife says he looks charmingly, to drive immediately to Leicester Fields (Square I mean, I beg your pardon), and sit an hour or two, or three, in your Painting-room. Do not set it by, and forget it now—don't you. My humble service waits upon Mrs. Hogarth, and all good wishes upon your honour, and

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your obliged and affectionate

"J. HOADLY."

SIMON, LORD LOVAT.

LORD LOVAT was born in the year 1667; his father was the twenty-second person who had enjoyed the title of Lovat in lineal descent. His mother was dame Sybilla M'Leod, daughter of the chief of the M'Leods, so famous for its unalterable loyalty to its princes. This portrait of his lordship was drawn from life, at St. Albans, whither our artist went for the purpose of taking it. He is painted in the act of counting the rebel forces with his fingers, and the likeness is said to be a most faithful one.

Lord Lovat was one of the last chieftains that preserved the rude manners and barbarous authority of the early feudal ages. He resided in a house which would be esteemed but an indifferent one for a very plain private gentleman in England, as it had properly only four rooms on a floor, and those not large. Here, however, he kept a sort of court, and several public tables, and a numerous body of retainers always attending. His own constant residence, and the place where he always received his company, even at dinner, was the very same room where he lodged; and his lady's sole apartment was her bedroom; and the only provision for the lodging of the servants and retainers was a quantity of straw, which they spread every night on the floors of the lower rooms, where the inferior part of the family, consisting of a very great number of persons, took up their abode.

From his own account (as published in his memoirs), Lord Lovat seems to have been a man devoid of any fixed principle, except that of self-interest; and on his conduct during the rebellion of 1745, Sir William Young has the following observations:—

"Your lordships have already done national justice on some of the principal traitors who appeared in open arms against his majesty, by the ordinary courses of the law; but this noble lord, who in the whole course of his life has boasted of his superior cunning in wickedness, and his ability to commit frequent treasons with impunity, vainly imagined that he might possibly (a traitor in private, and rebel only in his heart), by sending his son and his followers to join the Pretender, and remaining at home himself, deceive his majesty's faithful subjects; hoping he might be rewarded for his son's faithful services, if successful, or his son alone be the sufferer for his offences, if the undertaking failed. Diabolical cunning! Atrocious impiety!"

Lord Lovat was executed in 1745; he underwent the infliction of his sentence with fortitude. He was beheaded by the maiden (an implement of death appropriated to state criminals in North Britain), of which the guillotine (which was so destructively employed during the French Revolution) is an improvement.

SARAH MALCOLM.

THIS woman was executed on Wednesday, the 7th of March, 1733, for the murder of Mrs. Lydia Duncombe, Elizabeth Harrison, and Ann Price. The portrait of this murderer was painted by Hogarth, to whom she sat for her picture two days before her execution, having previously dressed herself in red for that purpose.

The circumstances attending the conviction and execution of this woman are briefly these:—

“On Sunday, 4th February, 1733, Mrs. Lydia Duncombe (aged 60), and Elizabeth Harrison, her companion, were found strangled, and Ann Price (her maid, aged 17), with her throat cut, at Mrs. Duncombe’s apartments in Tanfield Court, in the Inner Temple. Sarah Malcolm (who was a charwoman) was, on the same evening, apprehended on the information of Mr. Kerrel, who had chambers on the same staircase, and who had found some bloody linen under his bed, and a silver tankard in a close-stool, which she had concealed there.

“On her examination before Sir Richard Brocas, she confessed to sharing in the produce of the robbery, but declared herself innocent of the murders; asserting, upon oath, that Thomas and James Alexander, and Mary Tracy, were the principal parties in the whole transaction. Notwithstanding this, the coroner’s jury brought in their verdict of wilful murder against Sarah Malcolm only, it not then appearing that any other person was concerned. Her confession they considered as a mere subterfuge, no one knowing such people as she pretended were her accomplices.

“A few days after, a boy, about seventeen years of age, was hired as a servant by a person who kept the Red Lion ale-house, at Bridewell Bridge; and hearing it said, in his master’s house, that Sarah Malcolm had given information against one Thomas Alexander, his brother James, and Mary Tracy, he said to his master:—‘My name is James Alexander, and I have a brother named Thomas, and my mother nursed a woman where Sarah Malcolm lived.’ Upon this acknowledgment, the master sent to Alstone, turnkey of Newgate; and the boy being confronted with Malcolm, she immediately charged him with being concealed under Mrs. Duncombe’s bed, previously to letting in Tracy and his brother, by whom and himself the murders were committed. On this evidence, he was detained; and, frankly telling where his brother and Tracy were to be found, they also were taken into custody, and brought before Sir Richard Brocas. Here Malcolm persisted in her former asseverations, but the magistrate thought her unworthy of credit, and would have discharged them; but, being advised by some persons present to act with more caution, committed them all to Newgate. Their distress was somewhat alleviated by the gentlemen of the Temple Society, who, fully convinced of their innocence, allowed each of them one shilling per diem during the time of their confinement.

“Though Malcolm’s presence of mind seemed to have forsaken her at the time when she lurked about the Temple without making any attempt to escape, leaving the produce of her theft in situations that rendered discovery inevitable, she, by the time of trial, recovered her recollection, made a most acute and ingenious defence, and cross-examined the witnesses, like one bred up to the bar. The circumstances were, however, so clear, as to leave no doubt in the minds of the court, and the jury brought in their verdict—guilty.

“On Wednesday, the 7th of March, about ten in the morning, she was taken in a cart from Newgate to the place of execution, facing Mitre Court, Fleet Street, and there suffered death on a gibbet erected for the occasion. She was neatly dressed in a crape mourning gown, white apron, sarcenet hood, and black gloves; carried her head aside with an air of affectation, and was said to be painted. She was attended by Dr. Middleton, of St. Bride’s, her friend Mr. Peddington, and Guthrie, the ordinary of Newgate. She appeared devout and penitent, and earnestly requested Peddington would print a paper she had given him* the night before, which contained, not a confession of the murder, but protestations of her innocence, and a recapitulation of what she had before said relative to the Alexanders, &c. This wretched woman, though only twenty-five years of age, was so lost to all sense of her situation, as to rush into eternity with a lie upon her lips. She much wished to see Mr. Kerrel, and acquitted him of every imputation thrown out at her trial.

“After she had conversed some time with the ministers, and the executioner began to do his duty, she fainted away; but recovering, was, in a short time afterwards, executed. Her corpse was carried to an undertaker’s on Snow Hill, where multitudes of people resorted, and gave money to see it; among the rest, a gentleman in deep mourning kissed her, and gave the attendants half-a-crown.

“Professor Martin dissected this notorious murderer, and afterwards presented her skeleton, in a glass case, to the Botanic Gardens at Cambridge, where it still remains.”

Besides the present portrait, Hogarth executed a full-length one of this atrocious offender; from which it should seem probable that the artist painted her twice. There is also a figure of her, cut on wood, in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for March, 1733, slightly differing from our engraving.

* This paper he sold for twenty pounds! and the substance of it was printed in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1733, p. 137.



SARAH MALCOLM.

Engraved from the Original of Wm Hogarth



APRIL 1 1801

Engraved by B. H. Green



CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM.

CAPTAIN CORAM was born in the year 1668, bred to the sea, and passed the first part of his life as master of a vessel trading to the colonies. While he resided in the vicinity of Rotherhithe, his avocations obliging him to go early into the city and return late, he frequently saw deserted infants exposed to the inclemencies of the seasons, and, through the indigence or cruelty of their parents, left to casual relief or untimely death. This naturally excited his compassion, and led him to project the establishment of an hospital for the reception of exposed and deserted young children, in which humane design he laboured more than seventeen years; and, at last, by his unwearied application, obtained the royal charter, bearing date the 17th of October, 1739, for its incorporation.

He was highly instrumental in promoting another good design, viz., the procuring a bounty upon naval stores imported from the colonies to Georgia and Nova Scotia. But the charitable plan which he lived to make some progress in, though not to complete, was a scheme for uniting the Indians in North America more closely with the British government, by an establishment for the education of Indian girls. Indeed, he spent a great part of his life in serving the public, and with so total a disregard to his private interest, that in his old age he was himself supported by a pension of somewhat more than a hundred pounds a year, raised for him at the solicitation of Sir Sampson Gideon and Dr. Brocklesby, by the voluntary subscriptions of public-spirited persons, at the head of whom was the Prince of Wales. On application being made to this venerable and good old man, to know whether a subscription being opened for his benefit would not offend him, he gave this noble answer —“I have not wasted the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed, in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess, that in this my old age I am poor.”

This singularly humane, persevering, and memorable man died at his lodgings near Leicester Square, 29th March, 1751, and was interred, pursuant to his own desire, in the vault under the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, where an historic epitaph records his virtues, as Hogarth's portrait has preserved his honest countenance.

“The portrait which I painted with most pleasure,” says Hogarth, “and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first I painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it.

“For the portrait of Mr. Garrick in Richard III. I was paid two hundred pounds (which was more than any English artist ever received for a single portrait), and that, too, by the sanction of several painters who had been previously consulted about the price, which was not given without mature consideration.

“Notwithstanding all this, the current remark was, that portraits were not my province; and I was tempted to abandon the only lucrative branch of my art, for the practice brought the whole host of phyzmongers on my back, where they buzzed like so many hornets. All these people have their friends, whom they incessantly teach to call my women harlots, my *Essay on Beauty* borrowed, and my composition and engraving contemptible.

“This so much disgusted me, that I sometimes declared I would never paint another portrait, and frequently refused when applied to; for I found by mortifying experience that whoever would succeed in this branch, must adopt the mode recommended in one of Gay's fables, and make divinities of all who sit to him. Whether or not this childish affectation will ever be done away with is a doubtful question; none of those who have attempted to reform it have yet succeeded; nor, unless portrait painters in general become more honest, and their customers less vain, is there much reason to expect they ever will.”

Though thus in a state of warfare with his brother artists, he was occasionally gratified by the praise of men whose judgment was universally acknowledged, and whose sanction became a higher honour, from its being neither lightly nor indiscriminately given.

[A noble picture of a noble and great man. The nation may take shame to itself for its characteristic ignoring of an establishment both humane and magnanimous; but the fact that aristocratical bastardy fills the lists of most of our charities, is a sufficient commentary on the large and liberal public institutions of England, where every beggarly coronet puts out its hand to claim its share. *Ed.*]

GARRICK IN THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

“(Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.”

Such is the exclamation of Richard, and such is the disposition of his mind at the moment of this delineation. The scene is the exclamation of Richard, and such is the disposition of his mind at the moment of this delineation. The

at his hand, and the armour lying on the ground, are judicious and appropriate accompaniments. Those who are acquainted with this prince's history, need not be told that he was naturally bold, courageous, and enterprising; that when business called him to the field, he shook off every degree of indulgence, and applied his mind to the management of his affairs. This may account for his being stripped no otherwise than of his armour, having retired to his tent in order to repose himself upon his bed, and lessen the fatigues of the preceding day. See him then hastily rising, at dead of night, in the utmost horror from his own thoughts, being terrified in his sleep by the dreadful phantoms of an affrighted imagination, seizing on his sword by way of defence against the foe his disordered fancy presents to him. So great is his agitation, that every nerve and muscle is in action, and even the ring is forced from his finger. When the heart is affected, how great is its influence on the human frame!—it communicates its sensibility to the extreme parts of the body, from the centre to the circumference, as distant water is put in motion by circles, spreading from the place of its disturbance. The paper on the floor containing these words:—

“Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and is sold,”

brought him by the Duke of Norfolk, saying he found it in his tent, and lying here unattended to, as a mark of contempt, plainly informs us, that however a man may attempt to steel himself against the arrows of conscience, still they will find a way to his breast, and shake the sinner even in his greatest security. And indeed we cannot wonder, when we reflect on the many murders he was guilty of, deserving the severest punishment; for Providence has wisely ordained that sin should be its own tormentor, otherwise, in many cases, the offender would, in this life, escape unpunished, and the design of heaven be frustrated. But Richard, though he reached a throne, and by that means was exempt from the sufferings of the subject, yet could not divest himself of his nature, but was forced to give way to the workings of the heart, and bear the tortures of a distracted mind. The expression in his face is a master-piece of execution, and was a great compliment paid by Mr. Hogarth to his friend Garrick; yet not unmerited, as all that have seen him in the part must acknowledge the greatness of the actor. The figures in the distance, two of whom—

“Like sacrifices by their fires of watch,
With patience sit, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger,”

are properly introduced, and highly descriptive.

The tents of Richmond are so near—

“That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.”

Considered as a whole, the composition is simple, striking, and original, and the figures well drawn. The whole moral tenor of the piece informs us that conscience is armed with a thousand stings, from which royalty itself is not secure; that of all tormentors, reflection is the worst; that crowns and sceptres are baubles, compared with self-approbation; and that nought is productive of solid happiness, but inward peace and serenity of mind.

THE BRUISER, CHARLES CHURCHILL,

(ONCE THE REVEREND)

IN THE CHARACTER OF A RUSSIAN HERCULES, REGALING HIMSELF AFTER HAVING KILLED THE MONSTER CARICATURA,
THAT SO SORELY GALLED HIS VIRTUOUS FRIEND, THE HEAVEN-BORN WILKES.

“But he had a club,
This dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er done't, I warrant ye.”

Dragon of Wantley.

ENRAGED by the publication of Mr. Wilkes's portrait, Mr. Charles Churchill wrote a most virulent and vindictive satire, which he entitled, *An Epistle to William Hogarth*. The painter was not blest with that meek forbearance which induces those who are smitten on one cheek to turn the other also. He was an old man, but did not wish to be considered as that feeble, superannuated, helpless animal which the poet had described. He scarcely wished to live—

“After his flame lack'd oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits.”



EXCELSIOR
BY J. H. BROWN
1860

BY J. H. BROWN

